CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

OCTOBER 26, 1981

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RICH VS. POOR: ONE LAST CHANCE

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OCTOBER 26, 1981 CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE VOL 94 NO. 43

Maclean's



COVER STORY

One last chance

This week, the leaders of 22 of the world's richest and poorest nations are meeting in the Mexican resort of Cancun There, they will search for a solution to the era's most awesome crisis. the deepening divide between the wealthy North and the poverty ridden South An answer to the problem has eluded world leaders for more than a generation It may remain that way this time —Page 40

COVER PHOTOS LAFFONT/SYGMA (TOP) BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S (BOTTOM)



Gouzenko plays it again

After 36 years, the cipher clerk's case could be weighed, and it was found wanting —Page 29

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MACLEAN'S, established 1905 is published and printed weekly by Maclean Hunter Limited 481 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont M5W 1A7 Montreal office: 625 President Kennedy Ave Montreal H3A 1K5; Vancouver office Ste 600, 1111 Melville St. Vancouver V6E 3V6. Contents Copyright © 1981 by Maclean Hunter may not be reprinted without permission Printed in Canada. Canadian Second class mail registration number 1960 Second class postage paid at Buffalo, New York, for U.S. subscribers. U.S. Postmasters: send form 3579 to Maclean's P.O. Box 4541 Buffalo N.Y. 14240 Maclean's ISSN 0024-9262. Subscription prices. Canada-1 year $26 U.S.A., 1 year $33 All other countries 1 year $40 Change of address: Send current address label new address, and date of move to Subscription Department, Maclean's, P.O. Box 1600 Postal Station A Toronto M5W 1H8. Allow six weeks.

A Maclean Hunter publication.



Birth of a new social order

The sacred cows of Spanish society are gradually, but noisily, being put to pasture —Page 20



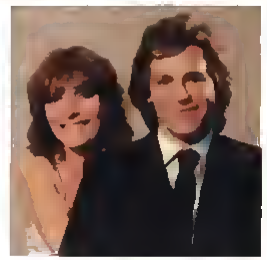
Menaces to a fragile peace

After Sadat Egypt and Sudan had the jitters, but the U.S. played it cool —Page 36



Once more at the brink

The Expos were one game from the World Series and their fans were delirious —Page 52



High-school reunion

At 31, Jeff Conaway leaves his Dream world for a return to school —Page 46



EDITORIAL



The American eagle's claws have no business in our beaver's back

By Peter C. Newman

No one can live on this planet without being aware of the saturating force of American civilization, the economic and cultural compulsions of U S society that are washing away national values and identities, nowhere more so than in Canada. Yet those of us who expend energy in the dreary demonology of picking over the actions and pronouncements of our conquerors keep being surprised by their misunderstanding of the Canadian psyche and the very different nationalisms that govern our two countries.

Perhaps it's because we are superficially so similar that the Americans believe us to be a kind of miniature U S of A., with our national interests precisely identical to theirs. We have, of course, our own priorities and concerns and it is a happy fact of our growing maturity that we are beginning to judge ourselves by our own, rather than imported, values.

What brings all this to mind is the increasingly loud salvo of U S. retaliatory measures being aimed at Ottawa's attempts to Canadianize the economy. Congress, the White House and the state department seem bent on outdoing each other in treating us as a subarctic banana republic which can be brought to heel by hawkish sabre-rattling.

It won't work. All of the major and minor irritants being raised to help stem the flow of Canadian investment funds into the U S. miss the reality of the situation. American ownership of the Canadian economy hovers between a half and two-thirds in most of our industrial sectors. Yet less than 10 per cent of the U S economy is foreign-controlled, and Canadian companies own a flyspeck of that. *Fortune* magazine has accurately noted: "As for the investment flowing in from Canada, the U.S. should let it flow. Since American business has enormous investments abroad, the U S. is in no position to put up barriers to foreign investment."

Washington particularly dislikes the National Energy Program and the Foreign Investment Review Agency. But all the NEP seeks is to reduce outside holdings in oil and gas to 50 per cent, still leaving half of our most vital resource sector under foreign control. And FIRA (in 1980) approved 93 per cent of the takeover bids it scrutinized.

Perhaps the best advice comes from TransCanada PipeLines President Radcliffe Latimer, who told a blue-ribbon New York gathering last week: "Americans think Canada's political motivation is hostility to the United States. No matter how much evidence there may appear to be to the contrary, this is a gross misreading of the country. Canada's economic policies are not anti-American, they are pro-Canadian. When the motivations are understood, they are eminently reasonable." Amen.

Maclean's

October 26, 1981

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LETTERS

There's gold in those test tubes

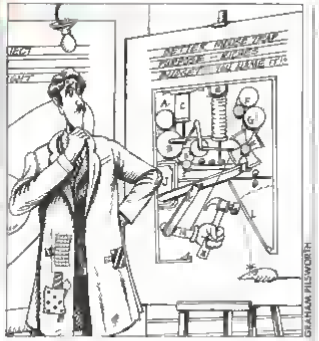
I was pleased to see that you gave such critical attention to research (*Scientific Quests on the Firing Line*, Science, Oct. 5), which is the key to the economic and social health of Canada's future. It would, however, be erroneous if your article were to give the impression that the federal government is decreasing its expenditures on research or that it is not continuing to give its full support to Canada's fundamental or "basic" research. The 1980-'81 research budget for federal expenditures in the natural sciences totals $1.3 billion. In 1981-'82 it is expected to be above $1.5 billion. The budget for two of the institutions that support fundamental research in Canadian universities has been increased by $111 million and now totals $302 million.

—JOHN ROBERTS
Minister of State for Science and Technology, Ottawa

A bird in the sand

I was shocked to read that permission to sell 50 gyrfalcons to wealthy Arabs was given to the Inuit by the Northwest Territories wildlife service (People, Oct. 5). It is obviously wrong. Although these birds are not endangered, they should not be taken as toys for wealthy foreigners. I am entirely in favor of native peoples freely using all resources, except in rare cases, for their personal needs. But when they sell these resources it becomes a commercial undertaking and, as such, is not a native right. Community projects should not be financed by exporting birds that are illegal for most non-native Canadians even to possess.

—JEAN MACDONALD,
Toronto



An impression of decreased budgets

Herods above and zealots below

Your use of the scene at Masada as an analogy for the present Canadian constitutional crisis is an artful piece of writing (*Dr. Trudeau's Cure Won't Work if His Patient Expires on the Table*, Editorial, Oct. 12). However, I think that casting Prime Minister Trudeau as the zealot may be an error. Premiers Davis and Hatfield have taken the part of King Herod, who realized that if you can't beat the legions you had better get a working relationship with Rome. The other premiers have become the real zealots, holed up in Masada attempting to preserve their cultures, rights and freedoms against the intrusion of an apparently ascendant power.

—MICHAEL GILBERTSON,
Ottawa

A lonely job

The impression created by your *People* article (Oct. 12) was that "Crain and his cronies ... " were somehow responsible for the promotional coup of selecting a *Playboy* centrefold for CTV's *Thrill of a Lifetime* show. This was not the case. I alone conducted the interviews with the women, whose genuine thrill was to pose for *Playboy*, and no one else was involved in the selection of Shannon Tweed, Miss November, other than the editors of *Playboy*.

—SIDNEY M. COHEN,
Toronto

Equalling equalization schemes

Your cover article *The Play for Eastern Oil* (Sept. 28) states that "... under the existing federal-provincial equalization payments scheme, the provinces will simply lose a dollar of transfer payments for every dollar of petroleum revenue." This is not so and perpetuates a myth that was originated by Premier Peckford. Since 1974, only 50 per cent of provincial oil revenues are included in calculating the equalization payments, with a further reduction for Newfoundland.

—SENATOR JOHN M. GODFREY,
Toronto

PASSAGES



AWARDED: The Nobel Prize for Literature to **Elias Canetti**, 78, a Bulgarian-born Sephardic Jew. Canetti's only novel, *Auto-Da-Fé*, was published in 1935 and his best-known nonfiction work, *Crowds and Power*, was published in 1960. The Nobel Peace Prize was awarded to the Office of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees in recognition of its "extensive and valuable work to help refugees throughout the world in the face of many political difficulties." **James Tobin**, a 63-year-old Keynesian economist from Yale, won the award for economics.

INDICTED: Rev. **Sun Myung Moon**, 61, founder and leader of the Unification Church, by a U.S. grand jury on charges of conspiring to defraud the U.S. government. The Korean-born evangelist, whose followers are known as Moonies, is accused of filing false income tax returns and failing to report about $112,000 in earned interest on bank deposits between 1973 and 1975.



ENGAGED: **Robert F. Kennedy Jr.**, to lawyer **Emily Ruth Black**, of Bloomington, Ind., both 27. The couple, who met in the library of the University of Virginia law school, expect to marry in March after Kennedy's graduation. A publshed author described as "politically ambitious," Kennedy recently split up with flamboyant model **Rebecca Fraser**, daughter of British biographer **Lady Antonia Fraser**.

DIED: **John W. Mecom Sr.**, 70, once one of the world's largest independent oil operators, of heart disease, in Houston. When he was 25, he helped raise $700 to buy an abandoned oil well in Liberty, Tex., then built his company into a multimillion-dollar organization by the end of the Second World War. Its fortunes, which declined in later years, may be revived by **John Jr.**, who is owner of the New Orleans Saints of the National Football League.



DIED: BBC broadcaster **Robert McKenzie**, 64, of cancer, in London, England. The Vancouver-born McKenzie, who remained in England after serving with the Canadian forces during the Second World War, established himself as a scholar and wit at the London School of Economics. He later became a household name because of his humorous layman's commentaries on election nights. Prime Minister **Margaret Thatcher** noted, "It will be difficult to imagine an election without him."

DIED: **Moshe Dayan**, 66, Israeli war hero. See story page 37

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Revealing a human portrait

When reading your article *A Brooding Vision* (Cover, Sept 21), I sensed you were gloating over your forecast of artist Christopher Pratt's failure. You demolish Pratt and perhaps his wife also. Two-career marriages are difficult. Should the unwrapping of one such marriage be publicly trumpeted about? The Pratts' relationship will not be aided by this exposé.

—CATHARINE DEWAR
Edmonton

The abominable behind

If someone in 1945 had been asked to predict whether values in Canada would climb to new heights or decline to levels of sloppiness and abomination, that prophet would never have foreseen a people mesmerized into wearing workers' pants with tight crotches and, now, transparent plastic rear ends (People, Sept. 28). The day nears when the real problem of our societies will surface, and once more preachers will take to the streets calling for repentance. —KEITH MATTHEWS,
Penticton, B.C.

A witness for the Witnesses

I attended the Cyrenne-Cramb trial in Thunder Bay, Ont., and was surprised to read in *As God Was Their Witness* (Canada, Sept. 21) that those involved had consulted a faith healer! The testimony was that a naturopathic physician had been phoned. A conscientious reporter would scarcely confuse the two. You also overlooked the fact that the parents removed the girl from hospital when, eight hours after diagnosis, she had still received no treatment. Your article could easily be construed as a religious attack on an unpopular minority, the Jehovah's Witnesses.

—L. DALE BLACK
Thunder Bay, Ont.

We must strongly object to the misleading and inaccurate statement made about the family of Jehovah's Witnesses who lost their little girl. Although we are convinced that blood transfusion is bad medicine, we do not feel that "faith healers" are the alternative. Instead of concluding that Jehovah's Witnesses are just another irresponsible, fanatical religious group, we encourage you to do an in-depth study of the misuse of blood in our hospitals, which would show just how dangerous, overused and unnecessary blood transfusions are. —WALTER GRAHAM
Information Officer
Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society
Georgetown, Ont.



BRIAN WEISER/MACLEAN'S

Hoey and Nordlund: plastic rear ends

An unfashionable error

In your article *Homegrown Design Stars* (Fashion, Sept. 21) you state: "Whether any Canadian designers will ever rival the likes of [Oscar] de la Renta remains to be seen." De la Renta's principal designer is John Nickleson from little old St. Thomas, Ont.

—MAVIS LAUTEBACH
St. Thomas, Ont.

Coming out of a sexual cocoon

In Barbara Amiel's attack on my column entitled *Most Men Are Lousy Lovers*, she emerges as one of the country's truly liberated romantics, not only altruistic, but also in possession of a cardiovascular system that goes off like a time bomb at the sound of Mr. Right's voice (*The Elusive Butterfly of Love*, Column, Sept. 28). Of course she should condemn the idea that sexual satisfaction has any place in the marriage of great minds, let the poor uninformed masses grovel in sexual ignorance. That feminism or anything else important should taint the pages of her favorite glossy magazines is indeed an insufferable condition, but then, so is the frustration of many women unable to communicate honestly with their mates.

—SUSAN FERRIER MACKAY
Toronto

Barbara Amiel is superb. In a world where the apparent is often mistaken for the real, she demonstrates an articulate intellect whether discussing the role of government, the plight of the Third World or the butterfly of love. It's unfortunate that most of us seem reluctant to read and heed. —G.M. DEYO
Peterborough, Ont.

Mysteries of economic alchemy

It was interesting to note in your story *Clouds With No Silver Linings* (Canada, Sept. 21) that "there is now hardly a soul in [the Canadian] cabinet or the mandarinate who believes that Ronald Reagan's economic alchemy will work." That's understandable. Reagan's program is approximately the opposite of what our government has been pursuing with singular lack of success in bringing our economy back to health. I'm sure our government is hoping that Reagan's policies do not work, as they would hate to be proved wrong in their own. —M. SILLAMAA,
Toronto

Confused and armed

I wholeheartedly agree with Robert Thomas Allen's observations (*Being Driven Around the Bend*, Podium, Sept. 28) and find it hard to accept the ease with which a person can obtain a licence to operate a vehicle that causes infinitely more personal and property damage than firearms. —R.P. GRAHAME
Amherstburg, Ont.

Allen hit the nail on the head, but he didn't condemn another group that is getting worse all the time, girls from their teens to about 25 years of age. They haven't a clue how much power they have under their control. I admit that most older women drivers are good. They might get confused once in a while, but they are never reckless.

—WALTER T. BERG
Fort Saskatchewan, Alta.

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HONDA

1982 PRELUDE



PODIUM

Suffer the innocent children



'People who abuse their children should forfeit the right to have more'

By Joy Fielding

I don't know why I'm surprised anymore. It happens with such sickening frequency these days that the newspaper articles seem to be getting smaller and less prominently placed. But there it was—another story about a mother who almost starved her young child to death and to whom a local judge was sympathetic when he had to sentence her to two years less a day in prison. Well, if what they say is true, that today's abused child is tomorrow's child abuser, then it seems to me we've got to stop shaking our heads in detached dismay and do something to halt this vicious cycle.

I sit and cry when I read such stories. "I picked the little guy up and begged him to stop crying," a 23-year-old Toronto man recently admitted with regard to the death of his six-month-old son. "But he just cried louder and I hit him on the head with my fist. Then he stopped crying. He passed out and started to vomit." A little girl dies of massive blows to the stomach. an autopsy on a 14-month-old boy reveals two arm fractures, four broken ribs, a fractured wrist and several skull fractures. The list is seemingly endless—indeed, at least *one million* children in North America are abused or maltreated each year, an estimated 2,000 of whom die as a direct result! In an April, 1981, report on child abuse authorized by the Canadian government, homicide was found to be the fourth major cause of death among Canadian children aged 1 to 5. And according to all reports, these horrifying statistics are on the rise. Canada, it seems, is losing its fight against child abuse. More to the point, innocent children are losing their lives.



What is being done about it? Well, for one thing, the green light has not been given to complete the above-mentioned report. It's a nasty little subject after all, and children can't vote anyway, so, what the hell? "We never intended the study to be so complete, so sweeping," assistant deputy minister of health and welfare Brian Iverson is quoted as saying. This past August, the federal government took little notice of another such study, this one by child abuse expert Mary Von Stolk, whom the departments of health and welfare and the solicitor-general paid $17,000 to write the report. Well, it seems the author delivered more than she was asked to supply—a 211-page review of literature on child abuse, a report on measures being taken in other jurisdictions, a compilation of recommendations made over the years by a range of organizations and—horrors!—48 recommendations of her own. "They [the government] wanted me to do something nice and tidy," said Von Stolk. Ah, but split skulls and spilled blood have an annoying little habit of being very messy indeed, and so the report, two years in the making, was returned to its author.

Most cases of child abuse never reach public attention. Our network of self-imposed secrecy and unwillingness to involve ourselves in the fate of others provides just the right atmosphere for the rot to grow. But if the barriers are miraculously broken down, if the tortured child finds help with next-door neighbors, the family practitioner, or the hospitals, if they are willing to speak up and out against this grossest of all indecencies, what then?

Well, a Beachville, Ont., woman who beat her 14-month-old son to death, received a sentence of two years less a day. And so did the man whose six-month-old son refused to listen to reason. Indeed, two years less a day seems to be the standard internment. One judge actually had the nerve to say he was imposing such a "severe" sentence in order to set an example! An example of what precisely? Of the insanity of our judicial system that seems to be saying it is somehow less criminal to murder your own child than it would be to murder anyone else? I suppose I should feel grateful for these "harsh" sentences—after all, two years ago in Sherbrooke, Que., one woman, acquitted by reason of insanity of slaying her three children by slitting their throats, was discharged from hospital after a seven-month stay despite the testimony by a forensic psychiatrist at her trial that she was "the sickest person I've ever encountered" and that her recovery would take years.

I'm often accused of being a little extreme in my solution to the problem of child abusers. Enough reports! Enough misplaced liberal sympathy! In the best biblical tradition, I would like to do unto these monsters exactly what they did unto their children. Broken bone for broken bone. Since I recognize this solution has little chance of adoption, I present a compromise worthy of Solomon. People who abuse their children should forfeit forever the right to have more.

There should be no discussion here—convicted child abusers should be immediately and irreversibly sterilized. Does the world really need more children by men and women whose previous offspring have all died in suspicious circumstances and who flatly proclaim their intention to have more? "Were it within my power to prohibit you from bearing children, I would do so," Mr. Justice Coulter Osborne commented as he sentenced the Beachville woman to internment of less than two years and three years' probation for the manslaughter of her 14-month-old son. Why on earth *isn't* it in his power? When are we going to stop sitting back and just letting nature take its course? Somewhere along the line the right to have children stops! It's time we drew that line and put an end to the outrage once and for all.

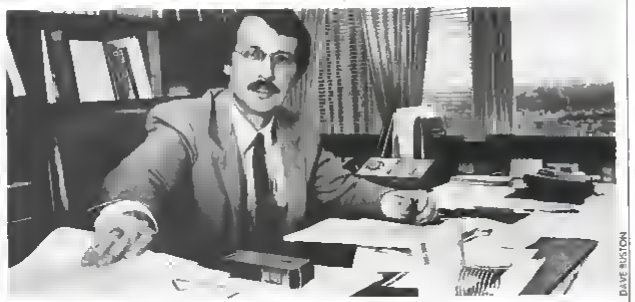
Joy Fielding is an author whose latest novel is Kiss Mommy Goodbye.

Taking over the hot seat

Onetime radical becomes director of competition policy



New Brunswickers have a way of keeping an eye on fellow New Brunswickers who seem destined to go places. So when Lawson Hunter of Florenceville arrived in Ottawa with his Harvard law school degree, Gordon Fairweather of Rothesay was quick to offer him some advice. "Get into a department that's on the move," the veteran MP, now Canada's commissioner of human rights, told his former summer student. "Attach yourself to someone who's going places." Fairweather had sized up the energetic young man and determined he would do the home province proud—maybe going so far as a seat on the Supreme Court of Canada, he says now. But in Lawson Hunter's case, the advice may have been superfluous. Seldom has Ottawa seen career acceleration such as that which carried the onetime campus radical from the obscurity of the bureaucracy to the nation's youngest director of competition. At age 36, the short, rumpled Maritimer with the Swiss watch mind has become Ottawa's top corporate cop, policing the most powerful companies in the country. The Bureau of Competition Policy is handling some of its largest cases ever—an investigation into collusion between the Thomson and Southam newspaper chains, and inquiries into price-fixing by both the uranium and petroleum industries. And Hunter will face the task of spearheading long-awaited and controversial changes to competition legislation, expected to be introduced in Parliament this fall.



DAVE RUSTON

Protesting at UNB in 1969 (right of car), at desk in Ottawa rebuilding bridges

As if that were not daunting enough, Hunter takes over the hot seat vacated by Robert Bertrand, the firebrand who was bumped out of the bureau in May by Michael Pitfield, clerk of the Privy Council. Just a month earlier, Bertrand had accused the oil companies of bilking Canadian consumers out of $12.1 billion between 1958 and 1973. And it was Bertrand who had broken the mould for civil servants by publicly campaigning for new competition laws to replace the Combines Investigation Act, a piece of legislation so vague Bertrand was virtually powerless to stop any merger or monopoly, or even cases of price-fixing.

A stubborn man with scant concern for bureaucratic politics, Bertrand had not endeared himself to either the business community or other levels of government. Yet he was courageous and idealistic, often rushing in where his various ministers—from André Ouellet to Warren Allmand then back to André Ouellet—had feared to tread. While recognizing Bertrand's contribution, Hunter also sees his job as trying to rebuild a few of the bridges Bertrand may have burned in his zeal. But like Bertrand—a man to whom he bears an eerie, if younger, physical resemblance—Hunter has the impatience of a supremely confident, highly educated bureaucrat. "I can be just as stubborn as he can—that's probably one of my great weaknesses," he admits. "But if I think I can trust someone (and I'm not sure you can in this business), then I may not be as adversarial as he was."

Big business is something you learn about in Florenceville at an early age. The town is home to the McCain family's frozen food empire, a billion-dollar colossus built upon the New Brunswick french fry. "If the government hadn't got Lawson, the McCains would have," Fairweather claims. "He'd probably be running McCain's." Instead, Hunter, scion of the other prominent local family, Conservatives all, headed for the University of New Brunswick and degrees in mathematics and law. While his older brother Gordon grew up so Conservative he refuses to watch Pierre Trudeau on television, Lawson involved himself with the University of New Brunswick anti-war movement in the '60s, and won a lasting reputation in Fredericton as a radical. "Mind you, what's radical in New Brunswick is liberal anywhere else," he smiles. After two summers in Fairweather's law firm, Hunter left for Harvard and a graduate law degree, doing his thesis on international ocean pollution. He pursued that the next year at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution near

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Bertrand: tilting at corporate windmills

Boston, before decamping for Ottawa.

Hunter may be more diplomatic than his predecessor, but business spokesmen are not expecting him to be any closer to their views. Indeed, the amendments to the Combines Investigation Act that Hunter is trying to sell bear Bertrands' *imprimeur* and do little to calm business jitters over what Stelco Inc.'s Vice-President Jim Younger, a veteran combines lobbyist, calls "the excessive intervention by government in business and the excessive discretionary power on the part of officials." While Younger argues that the free market is operating as it should, he will find few receptive ears in Ottawa. Canadian industry is concentrated among fewer companies than that of any other industrialized Western nation, the 100 largest non-financial companies control just over half the total corporate assets. Moreover, the trend is accelerating; the annual number of corporate mergers has doubled in the past five years. In the majority of industries, three or four companies dominate. Their power to control prices and to squeeze out smaller competitors is basically unchecked by existing legislation.

Hunter shares his predecessor's healthy cynicism for the business community's true dedication to promoting competition. "They're really schizophrenic," he concludes, after months of consulting business organizations over the impending revision. "They claim they believe in the free market system but they don't see that we're really their ally." Such was Bertrand's dilemma also, before Pitfield shuffled him off to deal with corporate complaints about cheap imports at the Anti-Dumping Tribunal. Where the quixotic Bertrand tilted heedlessly at corporate windmills, the more pragmatic Hunter hopes to maintain the ideals, but be more cautious and methodical in their implementation. Previous attempts to put some teeth back in the competition act failed, he believes, because they overreached their basic aim. As legal counsel to Bertrand, Hunter had quarrelled with his boss over the petroleum inquiry. Bertrand wanted to charge the companies in court, but Hunter felt the report was too diffuse and unfocused, and that corporate lawyers could tie the bureau up for years. Bertrand was finally won over to his position but relations between the two men remain strained. Bertrand has still to call his successor, either to congratulate or console him.

The bureau Hunter inherits has been crippled by departures—nearly a quarter of its officers have left in the past two years. Among those who quit there is a sense of futility and frustration over working with laws that mean almost nothing. Hunter must inject a renewed sense of purpose into a bureau that still has trouble attracting senior people. His task, in short, is making the Bureau of Competition policy a place where other young Lawson Hunters will want to work.

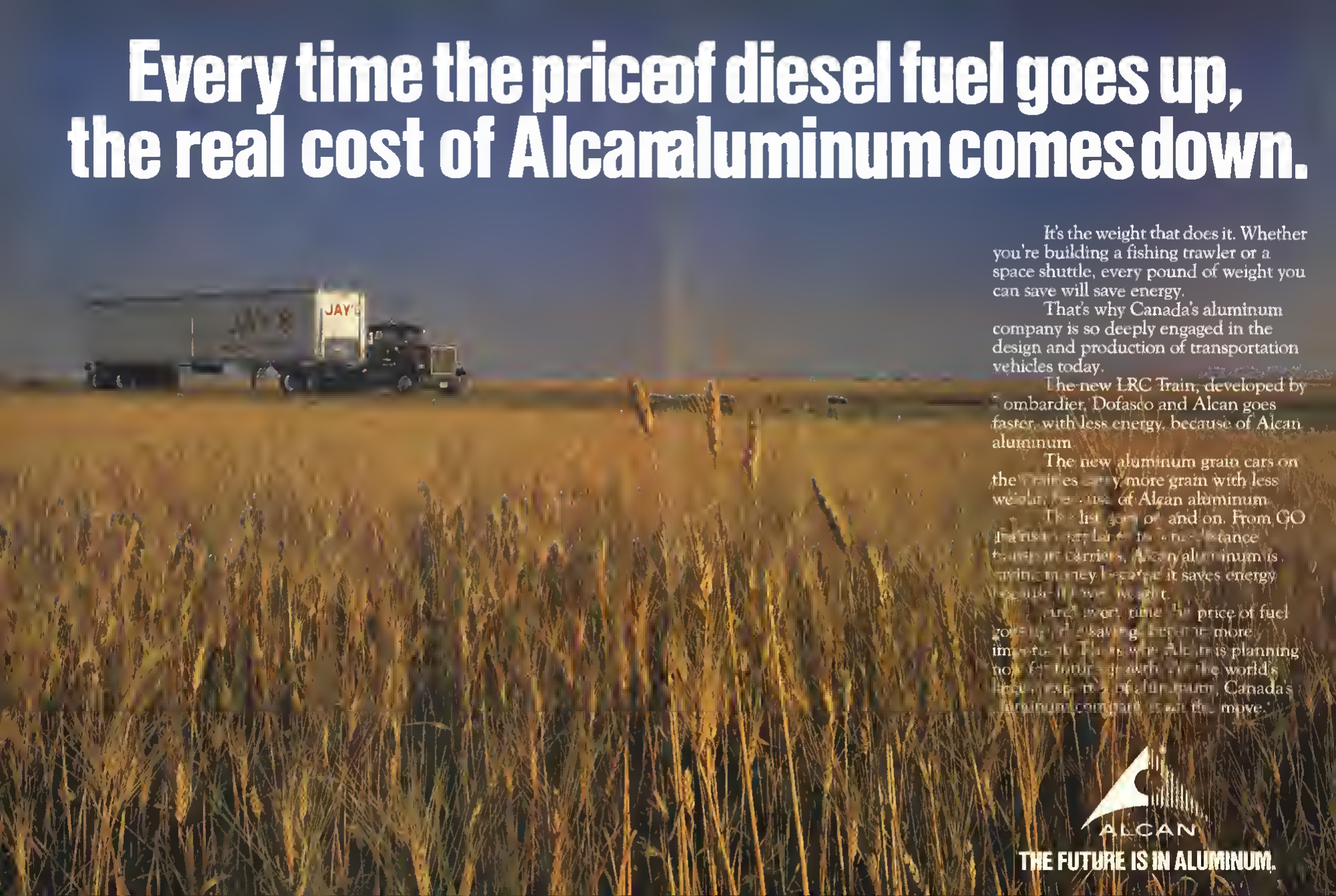
—IAN ANDERSON

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Demonstration in support of woman on trial for abortion offenses. a dirty war

Acute birth pangs of a new social order

Old certainties are being shaken in this land of extremes

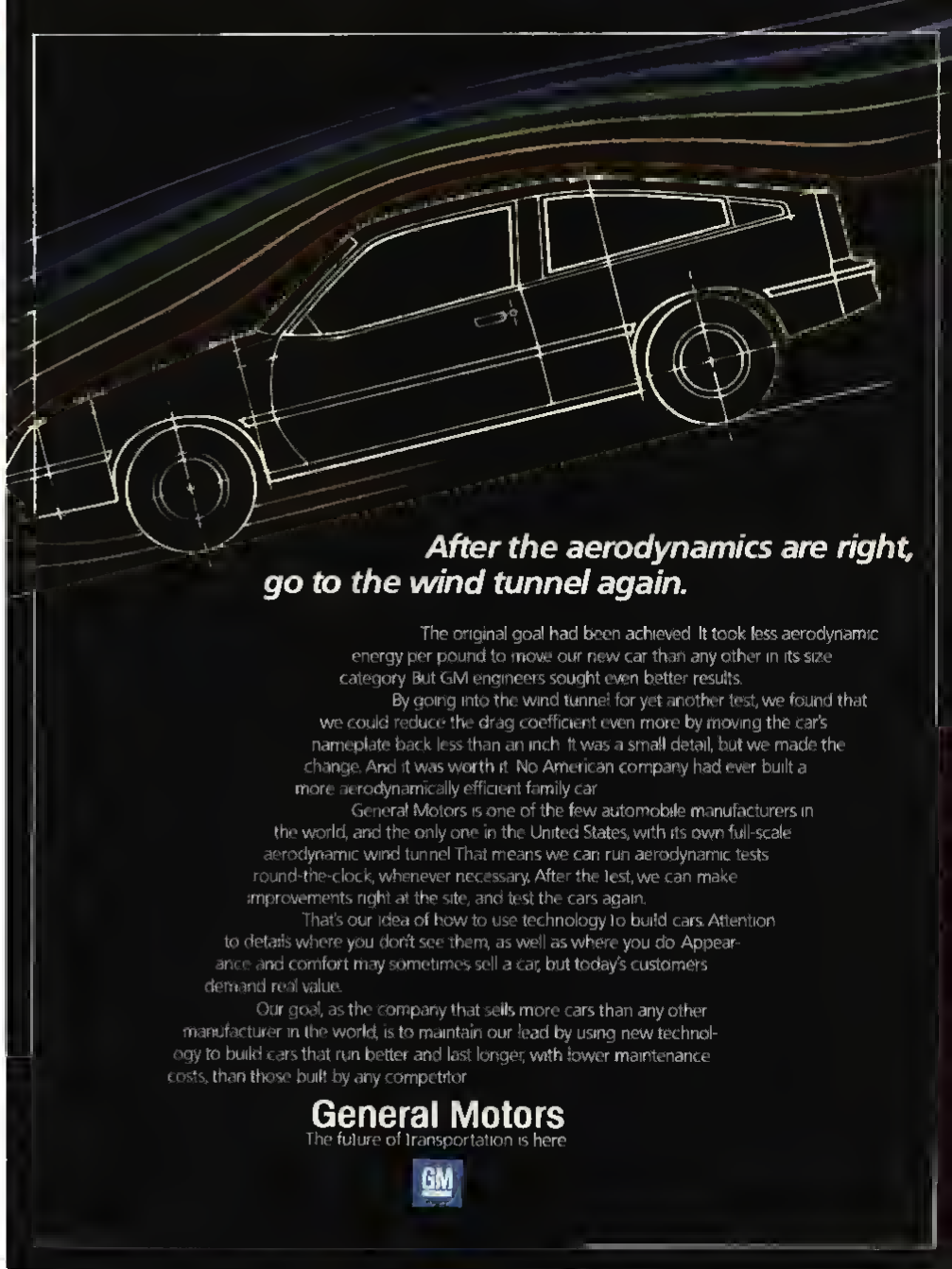
By David Baird

Carmencita married in white as custom demanded. A gentle, soft-eyed creature of 13, the only world she knew was the tight-knit little village in southern Spain where she had been raised. Pregnant by a 25-year-old bricklayer from the next town, she had tearfully confessed her sin to her parents and the priest. Manolo, the groom, hardly knew Carmencita, but he shrugged his shoulders and accepted that they must get married as custom demanded. When the baby was born Carmencita hemorrhaged—nothing could stop the bleeding—and within days she was dead. Her child passed into the care of Manolo's parents while one relative murmured, "It was the will of God. After all she acted like a whore running around with a man that age." Free again, Manolo went his way consoled by the knowledge that he had done the honorable thing—married the girl and acquitted himself as the true "hombre" should. As custom demanded.

By contrast to the old-world Spain, just a few kilometres away on the tourist-packed Costa del Sol new customs are emerging. Gays wiggle past the sidewalk cafés. Strippers and transvestites entertain vacationers in the pulsating nightclubs. On most beaches top less sunbathing is common and a nudist colony has opened for business near the fishing port of Estepona where, not so long ago, the sight of any bikini-clad female was enough to cause a riot. Not surprisingly, mass tourism (39 million visitors expected this year) has contributed greatly to the change in mores and questioning of authority.

Spain has often been described as a land of extremes, and this has never been more true than today. There are still many Carmencitas and Manolos, bound to the old order of double standards, to the rigid concepts of "machismo" (manliness), of a submissive female role in a sternly traditional society. But many among this nation of 37 million people are openly challenging accepted values. The wave of "permissiveness" only swept Spain after the death of Gen. Franco in 1975. The ensuing industrialization program in a largely rural society had already worked severe changes in the system, but the relaxation of censorship in recent years hit the country like a thunderclap, provoking conflicts between young and old, church and state, and within the armed forces. An attempted coup by 200 right-wing civil guards last February awakened Spaniards to just how deep divisons are within their country.

Last month one of the most controversial changes in modern Spain took effect as 26 special courts—soon to be followed by another 44—began process-



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ing divorce petitions It is estimated that as many as one million men and women will take advantage of the new law that allows divorce by mutual consent after two years' separation Among them is likely to be Franco's granddaughter, Maria Del Carmen, who has split up with her husband, the Duke of Cadiz Previously, estranged couples could only remarry if they obtained an annulment through the Catholic Church, a lengthy and costly business An annulled marriage is one that is deemed never to have existed—somewhat surprising in the case, for example, of pop singer Julio Iglesias (Spain's answer to Frank Sinatra) who had three children before seeking and obtaining an annulment.

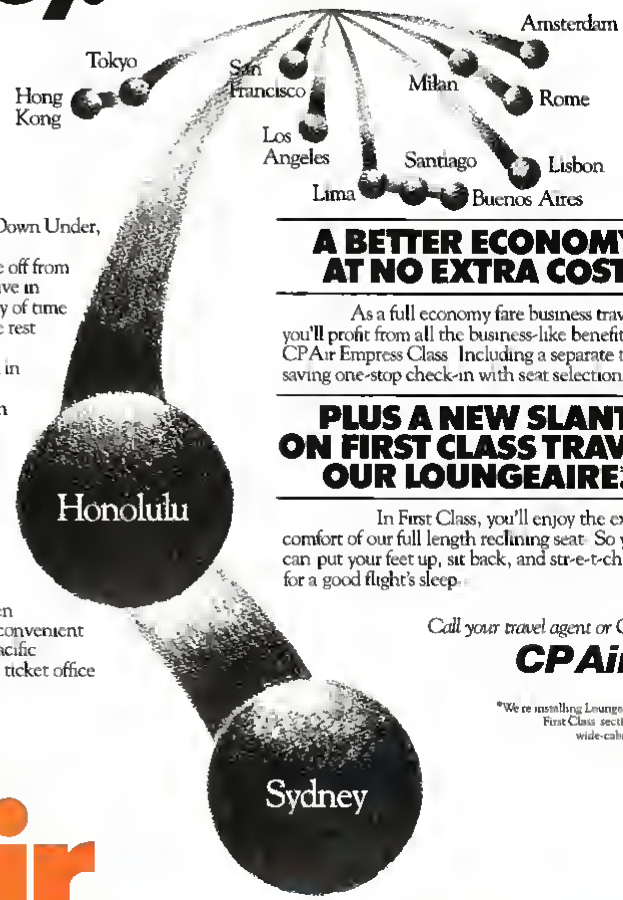
It took the ruling Union of the Democratic Centre party (UDC) 2½ years to hammer out the new divorce law and push it through the Spanish parliament where it nearly provoked a rupture within the government as the Christian Democrat wing of the UDC tried to water it down The Vatican fought hard to block the legislation, and the Spanish college of bishops declared, "Rather than being a remedy for evil, divorce is converted into an open door for the generation of evil."

In a recent survey by the magazine *Cambio 16*, however, 71 per cent of Spaniards queried favored legalizing divorce For women like Madrid secretary Concepcion Martínez, 38, it comes as a welcome release "My husband thought I was his slave for life and that he could have as many girl-friends as he wanted Ten years ago I walked out but there was no way I could break the legal chains."

Feminist groups have gathered force in Spain but they still have an uphill fight, often against their own sex Far from scolding her small son for beating his sister over the head with a stick, one mother hugged him exclaiming, "*Qué macho* [what a man] He is going to be a real devil." Persuaded from birth that he is one hell of a fellow, the average male finds it as difficult to accept new ideas of sexual equality as to admit that he could make an error "One of the vices of the Spaniard," says writer Fernando Diaz Plaja, "is that his egotism turns any conversation into a series of opinionated monologues."

The quick emotional response, rather than the considered logical approach, fierce individualism and lack of dialogue, makes this a volatile nation that has always been difficult to govern As Spanish historian Salvador De Madariaga once said "Spanish thought is born the moment it is revealed Whereas the Englishman thinks when he acts, the Spaniard thinks while he speaks" Successive rulers, whether monarchs, dictators or democrats, have

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VENEGAS/CAMERA PRESS

New permissiveness on the Costa del Sol propagating pernicious ideas

employed the feared paramilitary force in the tricorn hats, the civil guards, to maintain order. Numbering 62,000, their motto is *Todo por la patria* (everything for the fatherland), and at a time when old certainties are being shaken, some—like Col. Antonio Tejero Molina who led the February revolt—feel "*La patria*" is being betrayed. Of the new democratic constitution approved by popular referendum in 1978, one military officer, accused of conspiracy for his role in the attempted coup, commented, "I only read up to article three when I saw that it did not mention God." He and other traditionalists see sinister forces at work. Lt.-Gen. Fernandez Posse created a furore when he used a religious ceremony to warn "We are at war, a special subversive dirty war. They are trying to destroy our spiritual and moral values, penetrating all our social establishments, showing the lowest tastes." A "stubborn enemy" had infiltrated the media, the church schools and universities, claimed the general.

"It tries to poison the soldiers, it seeks to propagate pernicious ideas which bring parents and children into conflict in order to destroy the family, the basic cell of all civilized society and the foundation of its Christianity," said Posse, speaking in the king's name, though King Juan Carlos had not seen the speech. Although he was called to Madrid following the speech to be rapped over the knuckles, his word must have found some echo among the Catholic hierarchy, for the church was one of the pillars of the Franco regime and a number of its privileges have now been removed. Catholicism is no longer the state religion, and in future priests will have to declare their income. Yet the church still enjoys considerable tax exemptions and continues to receive a state subsidy of $100 million yearly, plus a massive contribution toward its schools. Most Spaniards still count themselves Catholics even if they don't practise their faith and the country still has 17,000 nuns enclosed in 950 monasteries, as well as 21,000 priests. Even a Basque Marxist is likely to wear a cross around his neck. But church influence has diminished with the shift to the cities—40 years ago half the population worked on the land. Today the figure is 19 per cent. In 1958, Spanish bishops sternly warned that "it cannot be accepted that engaged couples go arm in arm." In contrast, a recent urban survey showed that 62 per cent of girls aged 15 to 25 saw no objection to sex before marriage. The clergy itself is split between traditionalists and progressives. Saturnino Molperceres, a village priest in Granada province, says his female parishioners keep their arms covered in public because "they still have proper modesty and fear of God." Yet more than 100 priests have defied the hierarchy and married in the past few years.

Spanish women are pursuing liberation with typical Spanish verve. Close to 1.5 million are estimated to be defying Catholic principles by taking the Pill. Fears of a right-wing backlash, however, make it less likely than ever that parliament will legalize abortion, even though possibly as many as 3,000 women die each year due to bungling back-street practitioners. According to the ultraconservative bishop of Cuenca, "Assassination committed by a terrorist is less of a crime than that of a defenceless child." Even so, an estimated 800,000 women each year risk jail sentences of up to six years by having illegal abortions (estimated to cost $250 U.S.) and, according to sources in Britain, 75,000 Spaniards have aborted there since 1977.

Although family-planning centres in Spain are functioning, they are underfinanced and subject to police raids should there be any suspicion that women are receiving advice on abortion. In some cities pro-abortion demonstrations have been attacked by young right-wing thugs wielding iron bars and chanting, "long live Christ the king." Novelist and noted intellectual Montserrat Roig was one of 4,000 women who protested an abortion trial by signing a statement claiming that she too had aborted. "The only human being who has not been granted amnesty in Spain is the woman who is still not the owner of her body," she wrote. "Spanish women's bodies belong to the church and to the state." Carmancita might have agreed if she had lived long enough.

Franco's granddaughter Dal Carman and Posse: opening the door to evil



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This illustration at right appeared in **Canadian Yachting,** *serving Canadian boat owners. Another of Maclean Hunter's special-interest publications is* **Pacific Yachting,** *not to mention* **Ski Canada, Audio Canada, Photo Canada.** *All have avid readership among affluent audiences.*



FOLLOW-UP

Charity held in check

In September, 1979, at the height of the Southeast Asian refugee crisis, the Clark government created the Canadian Foundation for Refugees (CFR) It was meant to foster private sector efforts in the transportation and settlement of refugees Generous seed money of $450,000, office space, staff and a telephone system were all provided by Employment and Immigration and its then minister, Ron Atkey The board of directors included such luminaries as former governor-general Roland Michener, Paul-Emile Cardinal Léger and businessman Conrad Black

But the aim of shifting responsibility for aid from the public to the private sector failed miserably; indeed, any goal seemed beyond the CFR's reach Out of nearly 10,000 Canadian corporations contacted in a massive fund-raising drive in December, 1979, only 285, less than three per cent, responded with contributions And by June 30, 1980, the CFR had managed to approve only six grants totalling $20,327 More than two years after its inception, the operations of the CFR are still funded entirely by the taxpayer Although it has stepped up its grant giving it has yet to demonstrate a clear reason for being

From the beginning, the foundation floundered in confusion Board meetings had to be cancelled for lack of a quorum and no one seemed to know what was expected of him Conrad Black accuses Atkey of being "entirely responsible for the fact that the foundation was a potential disaster Atkey was full of good intentions but totally confused He got us in under false pretenses, assuring us there would be adequate financial support from the government and no need for fund raising We just didn't know what to do" Atkey denies that he ever promised more than the original $450,000 "I assured them there was no need for hard sell fund raising but certainly they were told they would have to raise money"

In Juoe, 1980, Michener met with Lloyd Axworthy, who had replaced Atkey as minister At this stage, most board members favored folding the foundation and distributing its more than $500,000 in assets to various charitable agencies But Axworthy, says Jue Stearn, his senior policy adviser, "wanted to give it a chance to succeed with a new board and an expanded mandate" The expanded mandate meant signing an agreement with the United Nations high commissioner for refugees, on April 27, 1981, and discussions about launching a fund raising campaign across Canada in 1982

The aid community, particularly church groups, which objected to the existence of the CFR from the start, fears that support for public fund raising means the government is looking for a way out of some of its aid commitments Says George Cram of the Anglican Primate's World Relief and Development Fund "The government couldn't admit gracefully the foundation was a failure and fold it"

Undaunted by these criticisms, the new chairman, Montreal businessman Marcel Masse, plans to ask Axworthy for even more seconded staff and a guarantee of more government office space According to Stearn, however, the minister believes the foundation should be entirely independent of government support by mid 1982 "If it can't, then it should be allowed to die" It would seem the days of confusion are not over yet —ANDRÉ MCNICOLL



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1975 Jim Foley Ottawa
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1973 Gerry Organ Ottawa
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1959 Russ Jackson Ottawa
1958 Ron Howell Hamilton
1957 Gerry James Winnipeg
1956 Normie Kwong Edmonton
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1954 Gerry James Winnipeg

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1973 Ray Nettles B C
1972 John Helton Calgary
1971 Wayne Harris Calgary
1970 Wayne Harris Calgary
1969 John LaGrone Edmonton
1968 Ken Lehmann Ottawa
1967 Ed McQuarters Saskatchewan
1966 Wayne Harris Calgary
1965 Wayne Harris Calgary
1964 Tim Brown B C
1963 Tim Brown B C
1962 Jon Barrow Hamilton
1961 Frank Rigney Winnipeg
1960 Herb Gray Winnipeg
1959 Roger Nelson Edmonton
1958 Don Luzzi Calgary
1957 Kaye Vaughan Ottawa
1956 Kaye Vaughan Ottawa
1955 Tex Coulter Montreal

MOST OUTSTANDING OFFENSIVE LINEMAN

1980 Mike Wilson Edmonton
1979 Mike Wilson Edmonton
1978 Jim Conde Ottawa
1977 Al Wilson B C
1976 Dan Yochum Montreal
1975 Charlie Turner Edmonton
1974 Ed George Montreal

MOST OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE PLAYER

1980 Dan Kepley Edmonton
1979 Ben Zambiasi Hamilton
1978 Dave Fennell Edmonton
1977 Dan Kepley Edmonton
1976 Bill Baker B C
1975 Jim Corrigall Toronto
1974 John Helton Calgary

MOST OUTSTANDING ROOKIE

1980 William Miller Winnipeg
1979 Brian Kelly Edmonton
1978 Joe Poplawski Winnipeg
1977 Leon Bright B C
1976 John Sciarra B C
1975 Tom Clements Ottawa
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1973 Johnny Rodgers Montreal
1972 Chuck Ealey Hamilton

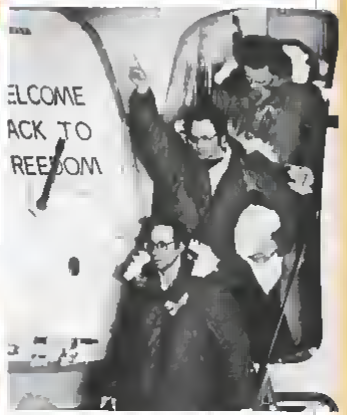


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FOLLOW-UP

After the ordeal in Iran

The parade crawled up Pennsylvania Avenue toward the White House, edging in slow motion through the dense crowd. Festooned in yellow ribbons, yellow coats, yellow signs the swollen mass surged forward, spilling over the sidewalks into the street pressing itself bodily against the fleet of buses, as if wishing to hoist and carry them all the way to the South Lawn. This was a homecoming such as might have greeted veterans of the Second World War a powerful (if not altogether spontaneous) chorus of patriotic fervor. But the welcome accorded the 52 Americans who rode those buses nine



Hostages returning "heroes" welcome

SVEN SIMON

months ago—all hostages of the Iranian revolution—was as much an act of national catharsis as of jubilation. No less than these 52 Americans, the nation itself had been held hostage, unable for 444 days to secure their release, and now, American flags waving in the midwinter breeze, it was giving vent to its pent-up rage, guilt and frustration.

From Bangor to Burbank, the former hostages were toasted like heroes, lavished with letters and gifts and entreated to speak across the country. Few had sought heroism, if anything the exposure made it more difficult to re-establish a normal life. Now that public attention has subsided, most of them are settling down comfortably to everyday existence, for the most part returning to diplomatic posts in the state department or with the military. Although psychological disturbances, divorce and family problems have been reported, it is not clear how much can be directly attributed to confinement.

Less difficult than putting a psychological price tag on the experience has been the issue of financial compensation. A recent presidential commission recommended tax-free payment of $12.50 a day, or $5,500 per hostage. Accounting for inflation, this compares favorably with $5 a day for Vietnam prisoners of war and $2.15 for crewmen seized by North Korea in 1968 from the U.S.S. Pueblo. The recommended award—which will supplement the medical benefits, tax exemptions for salaries earned in captivity and educational training already provided by the Hostage Relief Act—is likely to be approved by Congress. Few former hostages are commenting publicly about the amount or principle of compensation. If asked, they say freedom is the only recompense worth having. Any-

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thing else, says Dorothea Morefield, wife of former embassy consul-general Richard Morefield, is "not necessary, not something they deserve, but a lovely gesture."

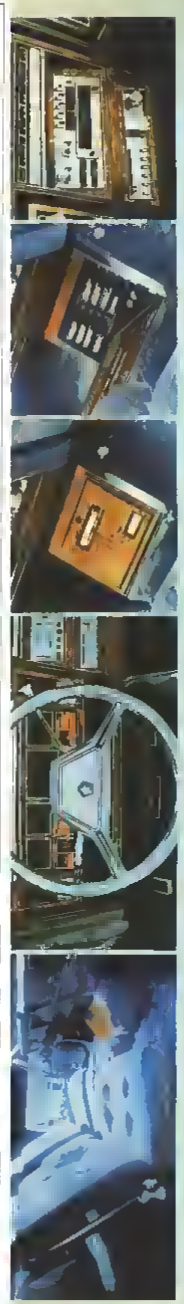
For most, freedom has posed few difficulties. "What readjustment?" asks Kathryn Koob, a foreign service officer now assigned to the foreign press centre in New York city. "I'm disgustingly healthy." Like many of her colleagues in Iran, Koob attributes her resilience to the strength of her religious convictions; her Lutheran faith, she says, "was central to my survival."

Bruce Laingen, who as chargé d'affaires at the embassy was the highest-ranking American seized by the Iranians, speaks of the dangers of becoming a professional ex-hostage. "Those who said 'That's it. I'm no longer an ex-hostage. I'm carrying on with my life,' are probably better off than the rest of us, who relive the crisis in travelling across the country speaking to various groups." Taking his own advice, Laingen recently accepted a post as vice-president of the National War College.

Most prefer the comforts of anonymity to playing celebrity. "I'm glad it's over," says Victor Tomseth, a state department political officer who was held in the relative luxury of the Iranian foreign ministry. Now taking a yearlong study session at the department's executive seminar, Tomseth says his experience is "not something we talk a great deal about." Although his 11-year-old son "doesn't like me to get out of his sight for very long," Tomseth believes his family adapted well. He contemplates going back to active foreign service when the seminar concludes.

At least some former hostages may have suffered from their captivity. Four marriages have ended in divorce, three more are apparently in jeopardy. Two wives of hostages have attempted suicide. There are reports of psychological disturbances, of headaches, ulcers and high blood pressure, and of recurrent nightmares. "The horror of the experience haunts me still," says Joseph Hall, an army warrant officer. "I feel that imminent danger lurks nearby. I know how vulnerable I am and I await the next tragedy."

But how much can be blamed on the ordeal in Iran? In some cases the marriages were said to be in trouble even before the hostages were seized, though statistically the incidence of divorce substantially exceeds the average. Most of the stress-related illnesses fit within a predictable range. "These problems are not insurmountable," insists Katherine Keough, wife of a former hostage. "They're simply life adjustment problems. Most of us are coping, muddling along." —MICHAEL POSNER



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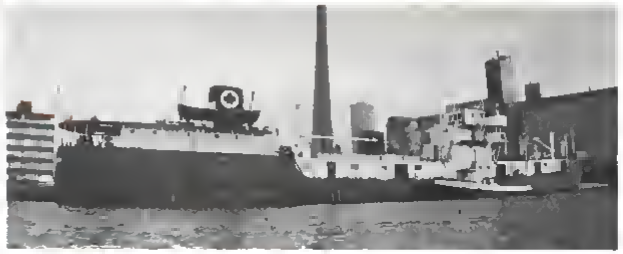
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CUTC headquarters (above), divers preparing to plunge (below) jacks-of-all-trades

600-hour CUTC training course which will qualify them for a wide variety of jobs in the petroleum industry or in marine construction and governmental civil works. The only other commercial diving school in Canada is located at Toronto's Seneca College, but it lacks the same field conditions available on a ship. "In fact," says Pavula, "CUTC's floating school is the only one of its kind in the world. The former cargo holds are now practice pools, and one of them leads directly into the harbor. We operate all year round."

The basic skills the students acquire

CITY SCENE

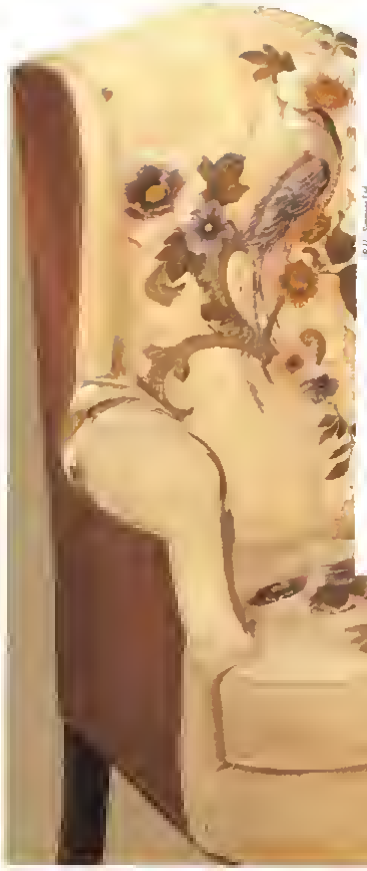
Mastering the deep

The guns that saw action in Normandy during the Second World War are gone, along with the battleship grey she wore when first launched as a tanker in 1944. Even her name has changed from the Eglinton Park to the more prosaic Fuel Marketer. Though her decks are once again bustling with young men, they're no longer sailors, but commercial divers in training. Today the 79-metre ship, permanently moored at Toronto's Harbourfront, is the headquarters of the Canadian Underwater Training Centre (CUTC)—a unique school catering to a demand for commercial divers that has more than doubled in the past two years. "It's mostly because of the tremendous increase in off-shore oil and gas activity," says Val Pavula, CUTC's managing director and one of two principals in the operation. "There's such a demand that 80 to 85 per cent of our students are snapped up as soon as they graduate—and their starting salaries average about $25,000."

Not bad for the generally unskilled laborers, most of them still in their 20s, who come from across Canada and abroad to take the intensive 15-week



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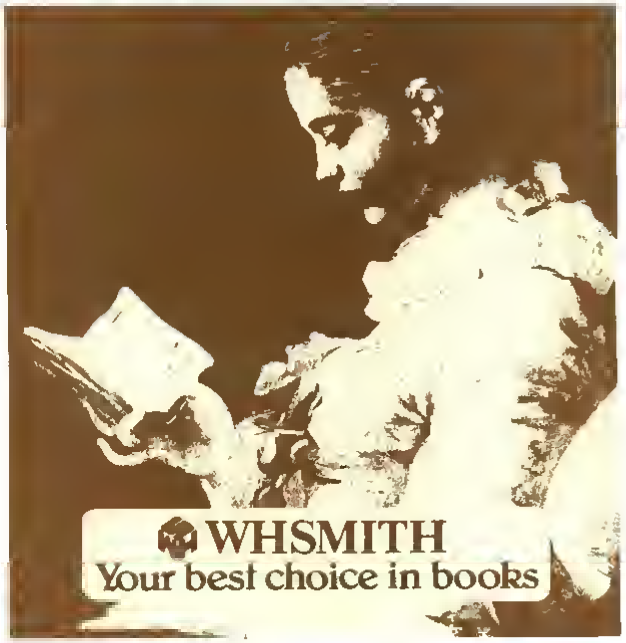


"I wouldn't call this fair dinkum I'd call it superbly dinkum!"



Seppeltsfield Winery near Tanunda in the Barossa Valley, founded in 1852







Pavuls: survival or painful death

at CUTC (for tuition fees of $3,500) range from the technical intricacies of diving to depths of more than 61 metres to the complicated air/gas ratios necessary for survival under various conditions. They're taught the exacting procedures that will come to mean the difference between survival and painful death. Then the hard part begins. "When they leave here," says Pavuls, "they're jacks-of-all-trades and masters of diving." The trades include underwater construction techniques, wet welding and cutting, plumbing, still and video photography and underwater concrete work. Students then have the option of taking even more advanced training. "But after all that intense training," says Doug Elsey, of Can Dive Services Ltd., "only 20 per cent of the graduates are still in the industry after three years. They just get tired of throwing their bodies into freezing water and being away from home all the time."

As the Eastern Canada area manager for Can Dive, the largest broker of diving services in the country, Elsey is grateful for the steady supply of qualified divers CUTC has turned out—150 since it began operating in 1979. "The young divers starting out all think they can make a zillion dollars," says Elsey. "But they soon find out they can only get $40-50,000 if they work in some godawful place where they never get ashore to spend it from one year to the next."

Nevertheless, the students are grateful for the superior opportunities their training will make possible. Paul Goodspeed, 25, from Truro, N.S., one of the 19 trainees in his class, finds the experience rewarding: "What I really want is to work near my home—either in Hibernia or on Sable Island—and eventually get my own diving business." Thanks to his floating alma mater and the oil and gas activity in Atlantic Canada, Goodspeed will more than likely get his wish. —TERRY POULTON

CANADA

Igor Gouzenko plays it again

By William Lowther

The hooded figure of Igor Gouzenko, the Soviet cipher clerk who came into the cold, has sent shivers of suspicion through Ottawa for 36 years. Ever since he first defected with a grab bag of spy secrets, he has been whining about the ones who got away. Though a first-year journalism student could find him with ease, he still lives in hiding, near Toronto, not daring to show his face, fearing revenge by shot or shell, fire or poison gas. He says over and over—and over—that Canadian counterespionage agents failed to follow up all of his leads and that, as a result, Communist cells are flourishing throughout the country.

The evidence he gave, in top-secret hearings after his defection, remained classified over the decades, and the innuendo had it that the guilty were being protected, that Moscow had found a room at the top. Last week, after considerable pressure from the Opposition Conservatives, the government declassified the transcript of the 1946 royal commission—ruled over by judges Robert Taschereau and Roy Kellock—that first heard Gouzenko's evidence after he fled the Soviet Embassy on Charlotte Street to reveal its wholesale espionage. There are 6,000 legal-size pages of testimony (more words than the Bible) loosely tied together with strands of pink ribbon and jammed into four cardboard boxes. They catalogue the treachery of a handful of politicians, civil servants and scientists who sold their country's secrets for a few hundred dollars to satisfy their idealism and soothe their social consciences. Theirs was a concern bred in the 1920s and '30s when fascism was beginning its jackbooted march into history and communism was fashionable.

As historians and journalists pored over the mass of paper in the hushed ambience of the Public Archives, they found fascinating details of Soviet spycraft—but no trace of a cover-up or of leads not being followed. Indeed, exactly the opposite. The two judges ruthlessly pilloried witnesses. Those accused of working for the Soviets—20 were charged and 10 convicted—had to name everyone else they knew in government work. A great many obviously innocent people fell under suspicion as the commission resorted to guilt-by-association tactics. If the inquiry had been conducted in public, reputations and careers would have been ruined, and the two judges would have been at the top of Senator Joe McCarthy's list of favored table companions.



Allan Lawrence, former Conservative solicitor-general, claims the government is still shortchanging the people because it has not declassified the 700-odd exhibits presented to the royal commission. But in fact, details of just what most of these exhibits contain are given in the testimony and will likely be released within a few months.

Gouzenko was trained in Moscow and sent to Ottawa in June, 1943. He worked for the military attaché, sending coded messages back to the Soviet Union. And from the messages he learned that his masters were systematically setting up spy rings. As a result, on Sept. 5, 1945, he carefully selected a bundle of the most incriminating cables he had transmitted over the previous two years and sought asylum for himself, his wife, Svetlana, and their children. The war had been over barely a month. The U.S.S.R. and the West were theoretical allies. But here was concrete evidence—with accounts of passwords, letter drops, forged passports and code names—confirming every pin-striped Wall Street capitalist's worst suspicions about the Soviet Union. Leading Canadians were implicated by name, including MP Fred Rose, members of the National Research Council, assistant registrar of the U.K. high commissioner, Kathleen Willsher, and a number of prominent academics. In addition, Gouzenko brought evidence of spying by British atomic scientist Alan Nunn May. Espionage convictions followed.

All of the Canadians and British whom Gouzenko knew by name and was able to identify as having worked for the Soviets were arrested and charged. But there were at least five others known only by the code names Gina, Galya, Green, Surensen and Golia, who were never found. Kathleen Willsher, who provided the Communists with all sensitive information that passed through her boss's office—including references to the atomic bomb project—was given the code name Elli. And recently, Gouzenko has been claiming in interviews that he told the RCMP during his official debriefing that there existed another agent, also

named Elli stationed in London

At week's end British journalist Chapman Pincher called a press conference in London There, he declared that he had spoken with Gouzenko on the telephone and that he believed the second "Elli" to be the late Sir Roger Hollis, head of Britain's MI-5 counterintelligence from 1956 to 1965—a claim Pincher had already made in his book *Their Trade Is Treachery*, published last spring

Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher told Parliament last March that Sir Roger was investigated in the 1970s but that no proof was found that he had spied for the Soviet Union Pincher is calling for the investigation to be reopened, however, insisting that when Gouzenko first defected it was Sir Roger whom the British sent to Ottawa to help debrief him Pincher added that Gouzenko had told him earlier last week that during the 1970s another official from MI-5 visited him and showed him a copy of Sir Roger's report on the defection "Gouzenko said to me the other night that if Hollis had written that report, then Hollis was a spy," Pincher said "The testimony was a fake"

Over the years scores of reporters have interviewed the hooded Gousenko, who continues to imagine reds under every bed He lives, as he has lived since he first defected, on a government pension, now indexed up to $1,500 a month He still dresses like the newly arrived emigré's idea of a North American In his bottle-green shirt, outrageously patterned blue tie and sober pin-striped suit, he told *Maclean's* that it was Kim Philby who interviewed him for British intelligence after he defected

"I was interrogated by a spy," he said "The liaison between Canadian intelligence and British intelligence was Kim Philby The reports of my interview that British intelligence showed me in 1972 when they were checking up on KGB infiltration were totally false I had been made to say such outrageous things that nobody reading my files could have believed that I knew anything about intelligence." Who really interviewed Gouzenko for the British? Was it Philby, as he told *Maclean's*, or Hollis, as he told Pincher? The RCMP declines to say

James Angleton, the renowned former head of counterintelligence for the CIA, once mused upon a basic problem with defectors "There comes a time when they can be of no further use They have given all that they have to give At that stage they often become morose or depressed They think that they have been cast aside unfairly and want to regain some position of prominence It can be very sad" Gouzenko, it appears, is living proof

With files from Barbara Amiel

NATIONAL

After they've seen Paree



BRIAN W LEE/MACLEAN'S

Farmer Brown tha currant plight goes bayond mare grumbling out by tha silo

Tractors roll down streets and snarl traffic in the normally amiable little city of Owen Sound It is one more defiant gesture by angry farmers in the heart of Ontario's cattle country as they vent their frustration over the miserable economic conditions that are driving dozens of them into bankruptcy Ontario Agriculture Minister Lorne Henderson is jeered as he boasts about government policies aimed at helping agriculture Bank officials responsible for hundreds of millions of dollars in loans and mortgages, strangling farm ownership with the tourniquet of high interest rates, are being reviled by struggling farmers as "heartless bastards"

Across Canada, farmers are angry, and no wonder Not since the Depression have several key agricultural sectors experienced the catastrophic price squeeze now threatening the livelihood of hundreds of farm operations in pockets across the country The problem centres in Ontario and nears dangerous levels in Alberta and Quebec where the nation's "red meat" industry—beef and pork production—is concentrated Farmers in almost every sector—from potatoes and corn to wheat—are braced for lower incomes this year, but many of the meat producers are facing far worse annihilation

This week, an emergency task force set up by the Ontario Federation of Agriculture (OFA) reaches the halfway point in its province-wide survey of farming problems At the same time, the alarming statistics and the emotional outbursts from farmers underscore the mounting gloom among many agricultural producers Farm bankruptcies across Canada are up 16 per cent so far this year over the year before And that does not even take account of the scores of farmers who have cashed in their few remaining assets to get out one step ahead of the sheriff's order Beef farmers in Ontario this year are losing close to $70 on every adult animal they sell, of which nearly $60 is the interest payment on loans necessary to keep the farm in operation The traditional debt-to-equity ratio of 30:70 in farm ownership—with the farmer owning 70 per cent and the bank or federal Farm Credit Corporation (FCC) owning the rest—is perilously close to reversing itself "There's no doubt that we're facing some terrible problems," says task force Chairman Everett Biggs, formerly Ontario's deputy agriculture minister



BEGG/CP

Whalan parhaps in return for tha abuse

Behind the statistics are the farmers—and their whole way of life—facing serious disruption Harvey Brown, for example, whose family has been farming near Markham, Ont., east of Toronto, since 1834, and whose feedlot of 1,100 cattle used to make him one of the area's more prosperous men, now says he will be bankrupt within the year if the beef squeeze continues During the past two years, Brown has lost nearly $250,000 because, like most beef farmers, he loses money with every animal he raises It's not just the farmers, the current agricultural plight goes beyond mere grumbling out by the silo or the endless committee meetings at some marketing board or other Increasingly it is a matter of growing concern even at the most senior levels of government—for the painful reason that the problems in agriculture reflect the deeper economic problems in the nation as a whole

In the complex structure of Canadian agriculture, some groups of commodities are more sensitive to economic ups and downs than others A number of key products—notably milk, eggs, chickens, turkeys and, to some extent, wheat—can be produced by farmers almost risk-free, since they operate under a system of "supply management" controlled by federal and provincial marketing boards, which establish production quotas and set prices based on production costs The rest—including horticultural products (such as fruit and vegetables), grains (such as corn and barley) and livestock—follow price levels generally established outside Canada Those levels are established in competition with other world producers, aided occasionally by government subsidies, or "price stabilization" payments, in times of extreme overproduction or crop failure

Livestock producers are particularly vulnerable to economic downturns The enormous cost of purchasing and raising the animals, particularly beef, requires up to a full year of investment before any return Because there has been little profit in beef feeding for the past three years, feedlot operators buy their stock with borrowed money—thus paying a full year's interest on each steer or heifer

It is hardly surprising that the extreme plight of the beef farmer has resulted in a spate of name-calling in recent weeks Agriculture Minister Eugene Whelan, perhaps in return for the abuse he has been receiving from wrathful farmers, has turned some of it back on the producers themselves He warns that if they don't reorganize their traditional free-market methods and submit to a marketing-board structure, they have only themselves to blame Whelan has also levelled attacks at the nation's leading chartered banks for their "heartless and insensitive" treatment toward producers through their use of floating-rate loans and their all-too-frequent foreclosures In an even more surprising statement earlier this month, Whelan pledged that he would resign if the federal government failed to provide aid to farmers in the near future That was widely interpreted as a sure indicator that some form of relief is included in the forthcoming federal budget or at least that some other measure is planned.



LEWCUN/GLOBE AND MAIL

Tractor demo in Owen Sound strangled with tourniquets by 'heartless bastards'

Short-term aid could be provided in several ways Farmers themselves have asked for a variety of measures, including increased payment levels under price stabilization plans, more funds available through the FCC at interest rates not exceeding 14 per cent, greater access to Small Business Development Bonds and changes in tax laws that would enable farmers to shelter income earned in good years in order to spread it out in years of losses

It is the long-term solutions that may pose the real problems Ontario agriculture ministry economist Herb Blum takes the optimistic view: "Most of these kinds of difficulties are largely cyclical and will correct themselves over time," he declares But the OFA's Biggs points to the European Community's heavily subsidized agricultural program and notes that "there is a place which has known the real meaning of food shortages Maybe it's time we put a bit more emphasis on our agricultural needs in North America," he says "Or we may wake up one day and find we have no farmers left"

—ANTHONY WHITTINGHAM

ONTARIO

Bill Davis buys himself a window

It was a day Frank Miller would probably like to forget Ontario's free-enterprising treasurer, who once called Ottawa's plans to Canadianize the oil industry "a waste of time," had to endure 20 minutes of opposition taunts about Ontario's latest plunge into the oil business—last week's $650 million purchase of 25 per cent of Suncor Inc. from its Pennsylvania-based parent Miller reportedly lost out in a cabinet debate on the issue, and his only response when asked about his feelings was to cite cabinet solidarity

Philosophical questions aside, Davis' desire to get "a window" into the oil business creates a number of headaches for Miller Already saddled with a projected budget deficit of $997 million this year and hemmed in by promises that taxes won't be raised to pay for the deal, his department has to find $325 million to make the initial payment to the Sun Company, Inc Then, for the next 10 years, the province will have to worry about payments on notes that could amount (with interest) to $425 million

But it is not just free-enterprisers such as Miller who are dubious Some critics are saying that Ontario may find

it has got only a sketchy view of a relatively stodgy company through its window

Shortly before Ottawa brought down its National Energy Program (NEP) last fall, Suncor (which is 99 87-per-cent owned by Sun) went hunting for a Canadian buyer to comply with a Foreign Investment Review Agency order that it become at least partially Canadian controlled Although it visited 15 potential buyers, there were no takers

Part of the problem was the low price that Ottawa imposed on Suncor's pioneering oil sands production That obstacle has since been overcome, but there are other difficulties A former consultant to Suncor says the company's allure to potential investors is marred by its flagging exploration wing "It is terrible They really have not been able to find anything for years" While Suncor earned $306 4 million last year, most of it came from the 14-year-old Fort McMurray, Alta, oil





Sunoco station; Davis (below left) and Miller: Ontario window into the oil business may not give a clear view



BECKER, CP

sands project, an efficient refinery in Sarnia, Ont, and its marketing arm, which runs the company's 894 blue and yellow Sunoco stations As a result, Ontario has become an insider in oil marketing and refining, rather than in exploration

Oil analyst Andy Gustajtis, reflecting the dubious market response to the deal, notes that buying into a going concern such as Suncor "doesn't necessarily make any positive contribution in getting jobs or finding oil" He suggests that the province might have been better off launching a new exploration scheme with its money

Conceivably, the transaction could force Ontario into buying even more of the firm Unless Suncor can find a buyer that wants 26 per cent of the oil company's shares, Ontario may have to shell out further millions to give the company a Canadian enough tinge to benefit from Ottawa's NEP largess However, there are rumors that Ottawa, which pronounced itself pleased by the week's events, will lean on the Canadian National Railways' pension fund to buy into Suncor

Ontario Energy Minister Robert Welch, in contrast to Miller, is delighted by the deal and says it could be partially self-financing through Suncor dividends This, however, could have unfortunate side effects In the 58 years that Sun has operated in Canada, none of its Canadian companies has returned profits to the United States Rather than declare dividends, the firm's earnings have been invested in Canada But next month Sun's board will probably set up a new dividend policy, which likely will mean about $97 million a year for Ontario but will also send much more money across the border Consequently, while Davis now has his window on the oil industry, one of his first sights may be a new flow of capital heading south —IAN AUSTEN

NATIONAL

Hey gang, let's play charades!

By John Hay

Brave words of compromise notwithstanding, Premier Bill Bennett clearly had his doubts about striking a constitutional deal with Pierre Trudeau Even before meeting the prime minister in Ottawa last week, Bennett had dispatched Mel Smith—his deputy minister of intergovernmental affairs—to London and Blackpool with instructions to lobby British Conservatives gathered at their annual convention With the other seven premiers opposing the Trudeau resolution, B C's Bennett was already preparing for a failure in a final attempt at federal-provincial reconciliation As the 10 premiers prepared to meet this week in Montreal, it seemed all but certain that the constitution will soon be put to Parliament for a last debate and then sent to Westminster for passage

Both Bennett and Trudeau chose to put the best face to the outcome of their talks in Ottawa last week Said Trudeau "I feel that I've compromised substantially" In a Telex the next day, Bennett professed that his fellow premiers were "hopeful that an agreement can be reached," and proclaimed their "strong desire to dispose of the constitutional issue promptly" To that, Trudeau replied with just a soupçon of sarcasm "I assume that you are serious" In fact, however, never in their three hours together did either man offer any compromise whatsoever Trudeau, armed with the Supreme Court decision that his resolution is legal, simply told Bennett that he would listen to the premiers' proposals In advance of the premiers' own meeting this week, Bennett had no proposals to offer

Trudeau's two provincial allies, Ontario's Bill Davis and New Brunswick's Richard Hatfield, got the same message

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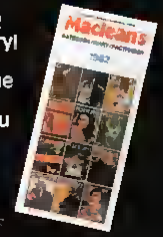
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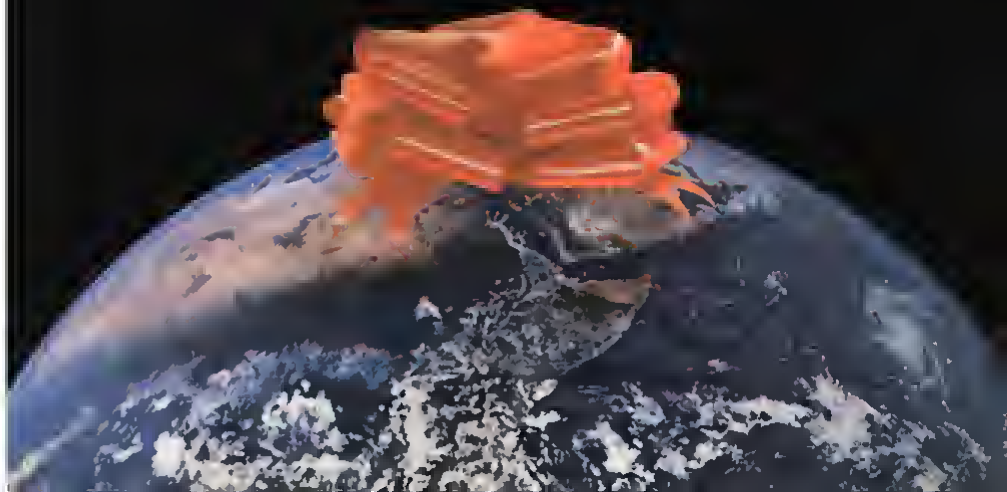
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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

For Christmas



in their separate visits with Trudeau "There are no compromises at this point on the table," said Davis "That is correct," vouched Hatfield "There is no table" Hatfield's point was well taken the 10 premiers were waiting to meet among themselves before even replying to Trudeau's invitation to a final first ministers' face-off next week And Ottawa officials were adamant that this truly was Trudeau's last offer if the premiers can't pull together a compromise proposal by month's end, Ottawa will press ahead Officials from some of the eight opposing provinces claimed to be unimpressed—they have watched federal deadlines fall before

Enjoying the unaccustomed role of provincial statesman, Bennett had every personal interest in making the bargaining with the prime minister look like something more than a charade But there has not *been* any bargaining, and there is almost nothing to bargain about The prime minister will not give up sections of the charter of rights to which the premiers object. Only on the small arithmetic of the amending formula might Ottawa relent—the numbers of provinces needed to effect future constitutional changes. (The formula in the present resolution approval by Ontario and Quebec, at least two Atlantic provinces, and at least two western provinces containing at least half the region's population) Several premiers especially resent the federal proposal permitting amendments by referendum But on such details as new formulas, the premiers don't seem ready to agree this week

If the country found all that dispiriting, there was no comfort to be found in the hubbub on Parliament Hill last week, when the Commons and Senate returned after a three-month recess. Avoiding the constitution as a subject that voters would like to hear less about, Opposition MPs hammered at the obvious—and disquieting—economic issues By way of an answer, Finance Minister Allan MacEachen announced he will bring down his budget on Nov 3, and for interest-rate relief he tried to turn the heat on the banks MacEachen dismissed a mortgage plan recently advanced by two banks based on government tax concessions "I would like the banks to strive more diligently to find schemes which would cause them to bleed a bit," he said New Democrat leader Ed Broadbent raised a stir by demanding to see a Canada Mortgage and Housing Corp (CMHC) study that he claimed shows that 85,000 families "will lose their homes by Christmas"

In fact, said officials, such a figure could only apply to the whole of 1982—and even at that, it is far too high as an estimate of foreclosures CMHC estimates that 635,000 mortgages will come up for renewal next year, and that more than 90 per cent will avoid foreclosure Another leaked CMHC report last week did warn, however, that Canada's cities face a black market apartment system as vacancy rates stay low It also said, though, that if interest rates stay high as many as 100,000 foreclosures could occur in the next two years Whatever the numbers, the Liberals sense that mortgage anxiety is a debilitating political contagion That is seen as one more reason for fast action on the constitution, clearing the parliamentary calendar for whatever economic good news the government can concoct.

With files from Malcolm Gray.



MITCHELL/CP

Hatfield, Trudeau and (below) Bennett. no compromises on the table. No table



CLARK/UPC

MANITOBA

Mega-projects or beggar-projects?

When Premier Sterling Lyon came to power in 1977—with 48 per cent of the popular vote—he promised a strong dose of physic to purge the Manitoba body politic. The province, he claimed, had been "ravaged" by eight years of socialist mismanagement under Edward Schreyer Last week—four years and two days after taking office—Lyon assured voters that the patient was mending well but needed a little more recovery time Manitobans will go to the polls Nov. 17 and offer a second opinion, not likely to be contrary

The main issue is the economy, with NDP Opposition leader Howard Pawley, a lawyer, insisting that Lyon's protracted restraint policies are killing it, not curing it But Pawley, who took over when Schreyer became Governor-General and whose gloomy prognostications have created an image of him as The Man From Sad, has been consistently drowned out by the snarls of the eloquent Lyon In his first full day of campaigning last week, Lyon told an audience of 250 farmers in Brunkild that when his party defeated the NDP government in 1977, "the economic landscape was littered with the wreckage of government-owned businesses that made everything from airplanes to Chinese food to planetarium shows, but that never, never made a profit"

Lyon touts his Tory government's improved health care funding, increased industrial and mining investment and—most important of all—the sweet promise of "mega-projects" The latter—none of which are close to being realized—include $2 billion in hydro-electric development, provided the other western provinces agree to build a western power grid, a $500-million Alcan smelter which might be constructed near Winnipeg and a $600-million potash mine close to the Saskatchewan border



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Pawley, Lyon: gloomy prognostications

For his part, Sidney Green, former NDP mines minister and now leader of the fledgling Progressive Party, calls Lyon's dreams "beggar-projects" and accuses the premier of offering voters "strawberry shortcake in the sky"

At dissolution last week, the Conservatives held 32 seats, the NDP 20, Progressives three and the Liberals one The key to the election rests in about 20 ridings in which victory margins in 1977 were five per cent or less Included is Wolseley in downtown Winnipeg, where Liberal leader Doug Lauchlan, a United Church minister and former policy adviser to federal cabinet minister Lloyd Axworthy, is hoping to win the seat left vacant when Conservative MLA Bob Wilson went to jail for seven years for his part in a drug-importing conspiracy Lauchlan has no illusions about forming a government—though he did address the Optimists' Club last Wednesday.

Those pointing to a Lyon victory note the dearth of constructive policies from the NDP, coupled with internal party wrangling Pawley, meanwhile, began a swing through western Manitoba at week's end, brandishing statistics so different from Lyon's that the two might well have been describing different provinces While the Tories use StatsCan figures to claim a projected 69 7-per-cent increase in capital investment in the province, Pawley says the true figure is 13 3 per cent. He compares the Tories to a grain farmer who seeks a bank loan "by offering only the fact that his garden vegetables are doing well"

Noticeably absent from Lyon's platform is any mention of the constitution Whatever his own strong feelings, the party does not consider it a vote-winner "We are perhaps not the flashiest government in Canada," the premier said Then he indulged in some Schreyer—and Trudeau—bashing "From 1969 to 1977 we had a fairly flashy style of government in Manitoba and were almost bankrupt And we have a fairly flashy national government and God knows what they are doing to us"

Lyon did, however, reveal a flashy grin when asked about the election's timing "Governments call elections when they think they're going to win," he beamed—a clear reference to the private polls done for the party by a U S firm Cynics have another explanation, suggesting that his iffy mega-projects may well wither on the vine come spring and, with them, Conservative re-election hopes. —PETER CARLYLE-GORDGE



Menaces to a fragile peace

In normal times Geneina, just inside Sudan's border with Chad, is a verdant oasis But normality vanished with Libyan strongman Moammar Khadafy's late 1980 intervention in Chad's civil war Since then, Chadian guerrillas backed by Egypt and Sudan have been harrying the Libyans, and Geneina has become the home for several thousand of the 22,000 refugees who have fled from the fighting So far, Red Cross and United Nations' teams have managed to cope But, says local UN representative Akber Menamencioglu, people are arriving at the sprawling white-tented camp at the rate of 200 a day and "it could get a great deal worse"



Nimeiry (left); Mubarak, bomb-damaged plane raising the prospect of a much bloodier replay of the 1977 Egyptian-Libyan encounter

PHOTOS GAMMA (3) & SYGMA

Elsewhere, it already has In recent weeks Khadafy's jets have been carrying out reprisal raids on targets in Sudan At week's end the Libyan air force attacked the town of Kolbus, to the north of Geneina, where ousted Chadian premier Hissène Habré's ragged legions are headquartered Sudan charged that property has been damaged and lives lost. Meanwhile, a propaganda offensive has been launched over the desert airwaves to encourage the Sudanese to do what has already been attempted several times (the last occasion was in 1976) topple Sudan's president, Gaafar Nimeiry, a close ally of murdered Egyptian President Anwar Sadat In Geneina the vast, smiling Sudanese commander, Brigadier Abbas, said the Libyans were incompetent and his men "hungry for a fight" But in Cairo earlier in the week a worried Nimeiry was calling on the United States and Egypt to come to his assistance and demanding the "physical liquidation" of his tormentor Khadafy at any price

The Sudan was not the only place where nerve ends laid bare by Anwar Sadat's murder were twitching anxiously In Egypt, the massacre of 44 policemen by radical Takfir wal Hijra (repentance and holy flight) sect members in Asyut was followed last week by a gun battle at a villa near the pyramids There police captured two of the Asyut ringleaders and a large cache of arms The same day, two bombs exploded while freight was being unloaded at Cairo airport from an Air Malta Boeing 737, which had begun its flight in Tripoli

Libya's disclaimer of responsibility for the explosion made little impression in Cairo Egyptian intelligence claimed to detect an unmistakable gesture by Khadafy's long terrorist arm As a result, there was a collective sigh of relief in the Egyptian capital when Sadat's successor, Hosni Mubarak, marked his inauguration as president with a pledge to fight the "fire" of religious extremism "with fire." Mubarak also declared a state of emergency on the Libyan border, arrested roughly 1,500 domestic dissidents and sent Egyptian anti-aircraft units to the Sudan

The question that haunted the world, however, was whether those moves, coupled with Nimeiry's cruder threats and Libya's presumed willingness to foment trouble, amounted merely to warlike gestures or to preparations for war itself Would the sporadic border skirmishing between the Sudan and Libya suddenly degenerate into open hostilities? Or was there a prospect of a much bloodier and extensive replay of the brief 1977 encounter between the Egyptian and Libyan armies?

At week's end the situation seemed less threatening For his part, Mubarak seemed anxious not to get involved in a slanging match with Libya In fact, the new Egyptian leader impressed the dignitaries and diplomats who met him as a conscientious politician who is determined to end some of the excesses of the Sadat era—corruption and conspicuous consumer consumption—in order to rebuild bridges in a nation that has become disenchanted with its leadership over the past two years

Washington, too, while taking no chances on Libyan intentions, was clearly not about to be panicked into overreacting The quarrel between the Sudan and Egypt, on the one hand, and Libya, on the other, is longstanding and, despite its implications for Middle East peace, has its roots in local rivalry As a result, Washington promised to speed and augment—with further tanks and antiaircraft guns—the $100 million in military aid already pledged to the Sudan this year It also dispatched two AWACS aircraft to Egypt to keep tabs on the troubled border areas At the same time, however, President Ronald Reagan and Secretary of State Alexander Haig firmly disabused Nimeiry of his apparent belief that the United States was committed to intervene on his behalf in the event of a Libyan attack



At the same time, Washington warned Khadafy that the United States will react if he actually invades the Sudan But Reagan went out of his way to squelch a suggestion that the United States should stop importing Libyan oil Such an action, said Reagan, would only force Khadafy to get his money from someone else

With the spotlight on such manoeuvring, further indications that Sadat's departure from the scene might lead to new peace initiatives in the Middle East got little publicity The exception was a statement by former president Jimmy Carter (quickly denied in Jerusalem) that the Israelis were preparing to make a concession on Palestinian autonomy in order to strengthen Mubarak's hand at home Nevertheless, there was growing speculation in Beirut that a major diplomatic offensive—based on Saudi Crown Prince Fahd's eight-point plan for a settlement—is imminent

Ironically, seven of Fahd's points offer nothing new They are merely a composite of United Nations resolutions calling for Israeli withdrawal from territory occupied in the 1967 war; establishment under UN supervision of a Palestinian state in the West Bank and Gaza with Jerusalem as its capital, and compensation or repatriation of Palestinian refugees It is the eighth point on which the plan's supporters base their hopes an Arab guarantee that all states in the region shall be allowed to "live in peace"

While declining to accept the plan—to do so would have been to recognize Israel in advance of the negotiations to come—PLO leader Yasser Arafat last week gave it warm support It was, he said, a "very important platform" for a Middle East solution

British Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington is likely to go a lot farther than that on behalf of the European Community (EC) when he makes his upcoming visit to Saudi Arabia Diplomatic sources say the object of Carrington's trip is to clear out of the way minor differences so that the plan can be put to Arab heads of state who meet in Morocco at the end of November with joint EC-Saudi backing There, say diplomats, it is likely to receive only token objections from such hard-line states as Libya, Syria and Algeria The careful Saudis have already taken the precaution of consulting possible opponents—and have received the green light.

If this scenario turns out to be correct, the plan's next forum is likely to be the United Nations, where its supporters hope for endorsement from the 44 Commonwealth members, Canada among them A paragraph buried in the massive document agreed upon in Melbourne earlier this month recognizes a "just and lasting settlement" on the basis of the relevant UN resolutions, the Palestinians' "inalienable" right to a homeland and the "right of all states in the region to live in peace within secure borders"

Optimism in Beirut, however, was restrained Among other things, the influence of the United States is seen as crucial in persuading Israel to accept the plan And Washington still appears committed to the Camp David process. But by one of those fateful twists that seem to bestrew the path to peace in the Middle East, it was Reagan's special envoy, Philip Habib, who gave the Saudis

Dayan: a brave man cast a shadow

By his own estimation, Moshe Dayan was a man apart "When I see shells exploding round me," he once said "I am able to remain calm When I hear bullets whistling, I have no reaction" His friend and mentor, David Ben-Gurion, put it differently Dayan, he said simply, was "the bravest soldier we have"

Bravery was unquestionably the quality that characterized Dayan's 52-year career as a soldier and politician, and the battle he fought against cancer And if that career—which ended last week with a heart attack at 66—scarred him politically, it at least assured him the status of a great war hero in a country in which there are many competitors for the title



Dayan: 'calm while the shells fell'

By accident or design, Dayan was frequently around at the great moments in his country's history Born in 1915, the first child on Palestine's first kibbutz (Deganiah, on the Sea of Galilee), he started fighting at 14 with Haganah, the Zionist defence force By the time he was 22, he was deputy to the brilliant Orde Wingate, who led Jewish commandos against marauding Arabs In 1942 Dayan, jailed three years earlier by the British for possessing arms, was soldiering alongside them against the Vichy French in Lebanon It was there he lost an eye and acquired the black patch that was thereafter his trademark

In the 1948 War of Independance, as a commando leader, Dayan fought off an Arab threat to Tel Aviv In the 1956 Suez Crisis as chief of staff, he oversaw the seizure, in a single week, of the Sinai But his legendary reputation was sealed in the 1967 Six-Day War, when he masterminded the seizure of the Golan Heights, the Gaza Strip and the Old City of Jerusalem.

His first setback came in the 1973 Yom Kippur War when, as defence minister, he took the blame for Israel's early defeats at the hands of Anwar Sadat's armies That was a portent for his years as a politician While foreign minister, Dayan helped Prime Minister Menachem Begin negotiate the Camp David accords But his opposition to Begin's hard line on the Palestinian autonomy issue led to his resignation in 1979 And after that, fighting illness as well as being out of power, he never really came in from the cold Last June his newly formed Telem party won only two seats in the election that returned Begin to power But Dayan was never far from the limelight, and even in his attitude to death he was a man apart "I don't mind dying," he once declared "Never have It's not that I want to die, I just don't give a damn."

—JAMES FLEMING

the idea that their initiative would be welcomed

The misunderstanding arose during the shuttle that sealed the ceasefire between Israel and Lebanon last summer. Explained a Western diplomat, "Habib went to the Saudis and said the United States was willing to listen to any proposal that would help stabilize Lebanon and the Middle East as a whole. That gave them a misleading impression of potential U.S. flexibility—and the dimensions of the role the U.S. wanted them to play."

At week's end, however, with Libya's shadowy presence near the Sudan border growing—intelligence reports say a whole series of airfields is under construction—the fear was that just such a misunderstanding over the peace could easily lead to war.

David North with files from Nick Worrall in El Geneina, Emma Soames in Cairo, Robin Wright in Beirut and Michael Posner in Washington.

BRITAIN

Unmoved, but not unscathed

It was one of those emotional moments that stir the loyalties of Britain's conservative "knights of the shires," and their blue-rinse ladies in tailor-mades and hats. As Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher opened the Conservative Party's annual convention in Blackpool last week on her 56th birthday, delegates sang her into the hall with the traditional "Happy birthday to you."

The mutual affection was short-lived, however. A festering revolt in upper Tory ranks over Thatcher's economic policy led to a public display of a lack of confidence that has not been experienced by a Tory prime minister since a back-bencher challenged Neville Chamberlain in 1940 with the words once used by Oliver Cromwell: "In the name of God, go."

At week's end, rumors flared that cabals were looking for a credible challenger for the leadership. Former cabinet minister Geoffrey Rippon, named as a potential challenger, coyly acknowledged that if the government failed to change its deflationary course a leadership challenge is a possibility. Suddenly the governing party was facing the stark likelihood that the next election, long thought unlosable to a splintered Labuur opposition, could now be unwinnable.

Against a rising tide of company bankruptcies (6,223 in the first nine months of 1981, against 4,726 in the same period last year), unemployment



Heath: 'In the name of God, go'



Thatcher: blind stubbornness and rubber-backboned flunkies

nudging three million and a stock market crushed by the credit squeeze, Thatcher last week was a prime minister at bay. Even small business is in revolt: one poster conveyed the message of decline with a photograph of the shuttered and decaying corner grocery store in Grantham, Lincolnshire, once owned by Thatcher's father.

But the beleaguered prime minister made no attempt to conciliate or heal, much less offer hope on industry and jobs. After hearing out her critics—former prime minister Edward Heath and two of her own ministers among them—she rose defiantly to deliver her customary admonition. Unemployment, she charged, is largely due to unearned wage increases. The failed remedy of reflation would not ease the situation, Thatcher added. And people should abandon the "mistaken belief that, come what may, the government would always step in to bail out companies in difficulty."

Those words fell on deaf ears in British Leyland plants. There, workers were voting in droves to strike even as Thatcher sat down. The workers reached their decision in defiance of BL chief Sir Michael Edwardes' solemn threat to close the car giant—and with it, inevitably, large chunks of the component-manufacturing Midlands—if they failed to accept an almost invisible 3.8 per cent pay offer. And while Thatcher's unyielding performance may have rallied hard-core activists, some of the best-known names in her government are ranged against her.

Certainly the rift between Thatcher and the moderate majority in the party appears unbridgeable. Patrician Sir Ian Gilmour, sacked recently from Thatcher's cabinet, prophesied that unless policies were changed, "We can say goodbye to the British economy." Environment Secretary Michael Heseltine and House of Commons leader Francis Pym—often seen as a dark-horse leadership candidate—placed themselves firmly among the critics the elegant Heseltine with an impassioned appeal for the jobless in cities torn by riots last summer, and Pym with the quiet assertion that "of course" alternative policies should be considered.

On Friday, however, as Thatcher put the finishing touches on her wind-up speech, the *Financial Weekly*, a normally vigorous drum-beater for free-wheeling enterprise, delivered a body blow. In a front-page editorial headed THE THATCHER DISASTER, the paper launched a devastating personal attack. "The nation is not to be sacrificed to one party, let alone to the blind stubbornness of one politician and the rubber backbones of her flunkeys," it fulminated. Slightly misquoting the historic invective used against Chamberlain, it too urged her to go in "God's name" and added insult to injury by suggesting that she should become ambassador to Washington. In the end, it looked as though the City of London financiers were already turning to the new Social Democratic-Liberal alliance. Thatcher, however, was undeterred. She contemptuously dismissed the fledgling party as the failed "soft centre" of politics.

—CAROL KENNEDY

U.S.A.

Democrats in the wilderness

By Michael Posner

They came out of political necessity, 100 prominent Democrats determined to lay to rest the persistent reports of the party's demise. Not by accident, they came to Baltimore, a city in renaissance, and Maryland, one of only six states that backed Jimmy Carter in 1980. By the chill waters of Chesapeake Bay, they convened at week's end for what was dubbed a national strategy council—not so much to cure the Democratic ailment as to examine it. It was, in short, an opportunity to demonstrate some party unity and, with the likes of Teddy Kennedy, Jerry Brown, Walter Mondale and Ed Koch in attendance, they were guaranteed to receive careful attention from the media—a tonic at least as valuable as their own analyses.

For Democrats, the Baltimore conclave is only the first tentative step in what promises to be a long expedition in the search for a winning electoral agenda. The party has not met in quite this fashion since the 1950s, it has never felt the need. Through the decades, in office or out, the Democratic party commanded a recognizable constituency. There were different categories of Democrats, of course—labor, blacks and liberals, among others—but most Americans knew intuitively where Democratic politicians stood on any given issue.

But the old axioms no longer apply. The Reagan landslide last November did not entirely wash away the Democratic coalition, but it clearly submerged it. Reagan seized a significant chunk of the middle-class and blue-collar vote, along with other bastions of Democratic allegiance. His victory was widely taken to represent a stunning repudiation of Democratic policies—the liberal docket of government-funded social programs that had sent the federal debt into the upper atmosphere. Certainly the Reaganites interpreted the election that way, claiming a mandate to reform dozens of once untouchable pieces of legislation, from food stamps to endowments for the arts. The Republican cadres have been good to their rhetoric, cutting budgets and stripping powers until the federal presence resembles some wasted apparition of its former self.

Reagan's assault has gone to the heart of the Democratic agenda and staggered its leaders. The party still seems slightly off-balance, unsure of its footing and its direction. It is wondering whether to undertake a wholesale rebuilding of a platform or merely some modest renovations. It is uncertain whether to promote new fiscal and monetary ideas or to play instead a more circumspect game, letting Reaganomics crash—it hopes—from its own inertia, and then stepping in to fill the void. Most of all, Democrats are unclear about the prophet who must lead the party out of the political wilderness and back to the world of real power.

There is no dearth of candidates. Kennedy, whom some have christened the last liberal in America, stands forefront on the party's progressive flank with former vice-president Mondale, whose Oval Office ambition is Washington's worst-kept secret. Senators Gary Hart (Colo.) and John Glenn (Ohio) have staked out positions near the centre. Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan (N.Y.), a hybrid form, embodies elements of both factions. And there are half a dozen very dark horses, including Governors Brown (Calif.) and John Brown (Ky.).

For the moment, however, Democratic concerns are more narrowly targeted at the 1982 congressional elections. The effort to revitalize the party for that campaign has already begun in earnest. And the Centre for Democratic Policy, a newly created think tank, last week issued the first in a series of studies on economic policy. These are intended not only to provide alternatives to the Reagan administration's program but also to demonstrate that the party of the New Deal and of the New Frontier is not yet bereft of new ideas.

In a week in which key economic indicators showed the U.S. drifting further into recession, the centre's members concurred on the trauma Reaganomics would cause, but they proposed separate remedies, among them mandatory wage and price controls, abolition of annual cost-of-living increases, tax penalties for large corporations that exceed price or wage guidelines, and a novel plan for making part of a worker's wages contingent on company profits or productivity. Although few of these recommendations would be salable in the present congressional climate, Democratic strategists believe they may gain currency as the failure of the Reagan plan becomes more apparent.



Kennedy (left) with Sen. Christopher Dodd (D-Conn.) and New York Mayor Ed Koch

"The recession—a venerable Republican habit—is upon us," an upbeat Edward Kennedy told the Baltimore gathering. "And I believe the wind is finally changing." Democrats must be more than pale imitations of their opponents. Their task was to offer America new hope for the 1980s, he added. Meeting on the edge of the city's renascent inner harbor, the party's chieftains seemed to understand the exact dimensions of the challenge ahead. What remained for the Democrats was to meet it.

COVER

RICH VERSUS POOR ONE LAST CHANCE



LAFONT/SYGMA

Luxurious conference site in Cancun, refugee children in Somalia (facing page): the most pressing issue of the century

By Val Ross

Their view of the road is the same from their corrugated tin shanties, half hidden in jungle, the local people, Mexican Indians, watch the tarmac with fascination. Airport buses flash past, bound for the sugar-fine beaches and costly white hotels of Cancun. For a moment the pale faces of tourists peer from the windows into the dense jungle gloom. As the dust settles, the locals calmly return to their chickens, their dysenteric children and the challenge of survival on spare change, beans and scraps. Little of the wealth of the grand resorts has trickled down to them. But their awareness of the contrasts grows more acute each day. This week, their sense of irony will be challenged as the road hums with limousines bearing the leaders of 22 nations—including the world's richest and poorest—to Cancun. The leaders have come to search for the solution to the era's most awesome crisis: the terrible, widening gap between the world's northern rich and its southern poor. Despite the miasma of mellow rhetoric, it is not compassion that is forcing the meeting of these heads of government in the sealed conference room of the Cancun Sheraton. It is necessity—the realization by both rich and poor that resolving the wealth gap is an economic imperative for all concerned. For the wealthy North—to be represented by Austria, Britain, Canada, France, West Germany, Japan, Sweden and the United States—a stronger, wealthier South may hold the promise of a cure for stagflation and recession, a cure that may lie in access to large new markets. For the South, represented by the world's two most populous nations, China and India—along with 12 others—the very life and death of their people depends on getting more help from the North, and help that is truly suited to their needs.

In the forefront of participants' minds is the disquieting thought that, in a world that spends $1 million a minute on arms, the North is often vitally dependent on its poorer, more unstable brothers for strategic minerals and fuel. Also disturbing is the fact that the bread baskets of the world are still in the hands of those who least need them. An awareness of interdependence, however, will not prevent splits from developing within each bloc. Europe and the hungry South will likely join together to confront the big grain suppliers—the United States and Canada. The delegates of oil-rich southern countries—Mexico, Algeria, Nigeria, Saudi Arabia and Venezuela—may turn out to have more in common with a rich resource exporter such as Canada than with their fuel-less fellow developing nations. Cancun, says Bernard Wood, executive director of Ottawa's North-South Institute, "is a high-risk project."

Nevertheless, the delegates are united in the conviction that talk is infinitely better than the alternatives: instability in resource-rich but food-poor countries and new moves by the North to protect home markets against the embryonic industries of the South. Resources are flash points around the globe. Over the oilfields of Iran and Iraq rages a continuing war. South Africa occupies Namibia with its rich deposits of uranium and chromium. And nearby lies volatile Zaire, producer of the bulk of the planet's cobalt.

Cancun comes at a time when there is a growing credibility gap between the North's past promises and the desperate reality of life in the South. And the gap is growing as fast as the gulf between some of their respective GNPs. In gross numbers, there are more landless peasants, more unemployed people haunting urban slums and more deaths from starvation than before. The second United Nations-designated Development Decade ended last year without the developed countries coming more than halfway to meeting the aid target—0.7 per cent of GNP—which they themselves had endorsed at the beginning of the decade.

At the same time, the South is now realizing with bitterness that the rich have been getting richer "helping" the poor. In fact, aid is often seen by its donors as a useful tool of economic policy. In Canada, for instance, more than 50 per cent of the $1.2-billion aid budget must be spent within the country buying tractors, fertilizers and consultants' services. Still, a recent report by the federal trade department argued that Canada's aid is "overly philanthropic" and that even more support for Canadian industry should be its explicit purpose. In the U.S., the emphasis is on tying aid to military objectives. As Ernest B. Johnston, deputy assistant secretary of state, told the U.S. Senate foreign relations committee last March: "One has only to look at our major borrowers to see the strategic importance of the political stability these [aid] institutions foster." That is why the lion's share, or 42 per cent of the U.S. aid budget, currently goes to Egypt, Israel and Turkey—hardly the hungriest. In order to bypass potential public controversy, the United States frequently channels military support through aid agencies—for example, the $380 million in loans to El Salvador (mostly for guns, not butter) sent via the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund (IMF) and the International Development Association (IDA).

Even the Green Revolution—the much-fanfared tripling in the past 38 years of the Third World's rice and cereal production through application of modern farming techniques—has proved to be a Trojan horse. With the gift of high-yield crops came a hidden new dependence on expensive imported fertilizers and fuel-guzzling tractors. And, paradoxically, increased food production has not solved the problem of hunger. Under the tutelage of Western advisers, Indonesian farmers switched from soybeans to high-yield rice, with the result that Indonesia now enjoys what one UN study has called "a new world's record in protein deficiency."

Drought-stricken Mali, once almost self-sufficient, produces only one-quarter as much food as in the mid-1960s. Again, because of foreign advice, the rest of its scanty arable land is now committed to cash crops (cotton, groundnuts), which can be exported for hard currency to service the national debt.



CAMPBELL/SYGMA

There are literally millions of other casualties of the Green Revolution in India's Punjab region where the introduction of mechanical harvesters is calculated to be cutting out 90 million man-days of employment annually. "Nothing has contributed more to the underdevelopment of the Third World than aid," Moroccan academic Mahdi Elmandjra thundered at a Canadian conference on future studies this month in Montreal, giving voice to towering disillusionment. At the same time, a rising chorus of radical Third World intellectuals is calling for an end to the North-South dialogue altogether and its replacement with a campaign for southern self-sufficiency.

In the run-up to Cancun, other developments have been equally discouraging. An open North-South clash at last month's UN-sponsored Paris conference for the 31 poorest nations was narrowly averted by the late-night cajolery of Canadian diplomats. The meeting's compromise resolution affirmed in principle the need for major increases of money to break the poor out of the poverty trap, but, tactfully, it did not pin the North to figures or a timetable. Only days later, when addressing the UN General Assembly, U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig beat the principle back into oblivion. "A massive increase is unrealistic," he said. "No more time should be lost in such sterile debates." This month, the Commonwealth's Melbourne Declaration produced such a vague endorsement of freer trade that even protectionist Canada felt comfortable signing it. Then, in a speech last Friday to the World Affairs Council in Philadelphia, President Ronald Reagan restated the tough don't-count-on-our-generosity message he had delivered earlier in the month to the joint meeting of the World Bank and the IMF. In the process, he risked enraging the upcoming conference's Third World participants by comparing modern-day poor countries to early frontier America. Said Reagan: "Few countries are less developed than we were when the original settlers arrived."

Reagan's argument to the conference is that the only way for the South to get

richer is through the production of a bigger pie, and that means good old American free enterprise. This notion clashes with that of other delegates, in particular Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, France's François Mitterrand and Sweden's Thorbjörn Fälldin who counter that the size of the pie is fixed. The question is one of redivision.

Moreover, Reagan's free-market message is certain to strain the credulity of most African and Asian leaders. So far, the free market has produced mostly trouble for the Third World. Anthony Hokororo, minister counsellor of the Tanzanian embassy in Ottawa, for one, charges that pharmaceutical companies have regularly used Third World women as contraceptive guinea pigs. Among the best known examples are the A. H. Robins Co.'s Dalkon Shields. The contraceptive devices were finally recalled from U.S.-backed clinics in 42 developing countries by the U.S. Agency for International Development long after reports that they had caused 200,000 cases of serious intrauterine infection and 17 deaths in the U.S. In addition, Third World nations are still a dumping ground for faulty machinery, stale drugs and carcinogenic chemicals. And that is going on a full 12 years after Kenyan leader Tom Mboya died while being treated on a resuscitation machine that had been banned as ineffective in North America.



Poverty and wealth in Mexico: 'a strange alliance'

ALMASY-PILLER SERVICES

Up until two years ago, the Velsicol Chemical Corp. of Chicago was making $45 million a year selling the developing world pesticides that had been taken off the market in the United States. This year, at least three European firms have been convicted of unloading decayed food onto Senegalese and Indochinese refugee camps. Similarly, a number of Belgian firms are under investigation by the European Community's (EC) development commission for sending southern clients shipments of animal feed instead of promised table cereal.

Not only is the magical private sector marketplace providing people with supplies they don't need, it is failing to provide what they do—oil, for one thing, Francisco Parra, vice-president of the Geneva-based International Energy Corporation, recently produced a study detailing the listless drilling and exploration performance of the major private oil companies in the Third World. Threatened by the development of new sources of supply outside the multinationals' control, Exxon actually lobbied to squelch a World Bank plan to finance Third World oilfield development. In fact, faced with unstable local politics, language and cultural barriers, large corporations are less than anxious to rush into the kind of relationship that Reagan is proposing for them.

For their part, Third World governments are also wary of the arranged marriage. One reason is their weak bargaining position with giant corporations. A case in point is a proposed $2.5-billion open-pit copper mining and smelting project in Panama (total GNP $3 billion). Britain's Rio Tinto-Zinc Co.—which has been promised $1 billion of its needed backing by Ottawa's Export Development Corporation—is currently pressing the Panamanian government to exempt it from the national labor code. Notes Robert Carty, author of the upcoming book *Perpetuating Poverty: The Political Economy of Canadian Foreign Aid*: "This project could distort the entire Panamanian economy—and make it dependent on copper, one of the world's most volatile commodities on the international metals markets."

Still, discouraging though the private sector development record is, government-to-government public sector aid has proved no better. Even high officials in the Canadian International Development Agency admit that public aid is notoriously more wasteful than private charities or non-governmental organizations (NGOs) such as Oxfam. In fact, the acronym of one CIDA-backed project in Haiti, the Développement Régional et Intégré de Petit Goave et de Trou-de-Nippe (DRIPP), is known locally as *Dépêchez, ramassez immédiatement et puis partez* (Hurry, grab what you can, and run). Not only is the aid wasteful, it usually goes to the wrong people—to the *Wa Benzu* (Tribe of the Mercedes-Benz), as local aid-dispensing bureaucrats are known in Swahili. In the early 1970s, food aid from foreign governments was rationed in Bangladesh by means of ration cards available to anyone with a fixed address. That excluded the starving landless peasants, but kept the government workers fed. In Haiti, CIDA found itself paying salary supplements to some local officials involved in the project. Jean Christie, acting director of the Ottawa-based NGO Inter Pares, cites two of the most notorious examples. In 1972, earthquake relief to Nicaragua disappeared into the pockets of government leaders. And in 1975 special World Bank aid was issued simply to prop up the government of Indonesia when its highly corrupt state-owned oil company, Pertamina, went bankrupt to the tune of $10.5 million. Says Christie, "Government-to-government aid just reinforces local governments."



Brandt: a pace-setting report

Recently, however, from the alarming array of unappetizing development alternatives has come the faint promise of new options. That's the "strange alliance" (as one high-level World Bank official put it) between Reaganite conservatives and Third World radicals. Both, for different reasons, are harsh critics of the existing aid establishment, both see increased North-South trade as part of the solu-

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tion This paradoxical alliance is a hopeful development if it results, as Irving Freidman, economist with First Boston Corporation, believes it will, in "new pragmatism and practicality" But the drastic changes it implies may still be disastrous unless they are accompanied by sensitivity to the problems up for discussion at Cancun

There is more faint comfort in the agenda itself With an astoundingly brief 10 hours allowed for discussion, the talks of necessity would be so general that conflicts would not have time to turn into crisis Canada proved to be remarkably flexible by giving up its right to make opening remarks And because there was to be no final communiqué, no time would be wasted squabbling over the wording Ground rules approved in advance by all countries forbade accusations and discussion of individual countries' grievances Instead, talk was to focus on the following areas.

Trade This, says the North-South Institute's Bernard Wood, is the topic with "the greatest potential for a meeting of minds" The world's fastest-growing markets are in developing nations and currently more than a third of U S trade and one-sixth of the EC's is with the South Canada, with its trade dependence on the U S market and its protectionist tariffs, is likely to be odd man out in the press for freer access The litmus test of Canada's bad faith was its recent decision to consider slapping another five years of import controls on Third World textiles The trade proposals Reagan was to bring to Cancun include expansion of the tariff benefits known as the Generalized System of Preferences (GSP) under which the North waives import duties on certain Third World commodities In the 13 years since they were instituted, GSPs have proved useful to the South—but less so than hoped, because many goods are exempted and because the preferences have little application to the poorest nations scrambling for a corner of the market In fact, what Reagan is proposing is economic survival of the fittest Hong Kong and Taiwan would benefit, but grossly underdeveloped countries—such as Bangladesh in Asia, Mali in Africa and Honduras in Central America—which depend on a single commodity for the bulk of their earnings, would sink The dependence of the South on volatile commodity markets is an ever-present complaint It is impossible for fragile economies to plan a budget when, for example, the price of cotton dropped to 65 cents a pound from 98 cents a pound last year For its part, the EC can point to its own oft-commended commodity price stabilization scheme, the Lomé Convention Under the convention, a $750-million buffer fund helps to average roller-coastering prices of African, Asian and Caribbean commodities in return for preferential access for the EC to those countries' markets But Washington, committed to the unregulated operation of the market, is unlikely to accept a Lomé-type accord Not only that, as David Lomax, an economist with London's National Westminster Bank points out, "price stabilization schemes are rather expensive to administer—and they tend to break down unless they have the full support of participants" Evan Anthony Sampson, author of the Brandt commission report on international development issues, told *Maclean's*, "I'm skeptical of such 'common fund' proposals to support commodity prices"

The most compelling argument for a stabilization plan may be found in America's own backyard For one thing, Costa Rica blames wildly fluctuating coffee prices for its threatened financial collapse For another the pro-Washington El Salvador junta says it cannot afford to carry out a vital land reform scheme—with the aim of bringing peace to the country—because of unstable resource prices Says George Price, prime minister of newly independent Belize "The North-South dialogue is the only issue that counts in Central America If you don't bring stability and justice to the markets, you will never have stability and justice in the countries"

Food The problem is simple enough The South is starving and facing an immediate shortfall of 20 per cent in this year's cereal requirements One of its demands improved distribution and storage systems for grain What will split



CAMERA SYGMA



LAFFONT/SYGMA

U S aid arriving in Uganda; harvesting in the Punjab: will free enterprise work?

Canada and the United States—suppliers of 80 per cent of the world's grain—from Europe and the South is whether the suppliers or the consumers should foot the bill Reagan is expected to put forward an alternative offer, one of improved technical assistance and agricultural research

Energy The availability of relatively cheap fuel to North American consumers continues to rankle in the South One American uses the same amount of energy as 1,072 Nepalese, yet the Reagan administration has made clear that it has no interest in opening a dialogue on ways to share its advantage Moreover a proposal for an "energy affiliate" of the World Bank, which would provide soft loans to help the South meet its fuel bills and finance state-owned oil companies, has been killed by the Reagan administration The question of how the South will buy energy turns on the issue of indebtedness.

Debt Debt and international finances The World Bank's contribution of soft loans, comfortable interest rates and long-term repayment is the Third World's lifeline It helps them feed their people, fuel their economies and compete in world markets But this year the United States—which provides roughly a third of the backing for the Bank, the IMF and the IDA—has cut its support back from a promised $1.4 billion to $820 million At Cancun, Reagan is expected to propose transferring the richest debtors, such as Brazil and Argentina, onto higher-interest private sources At the same time he will offer to commit Washington to the continuation of the IDA's low-interest, long-term loans (which really amount to gifts) to the poorest. He may also propose a plan to encourage private investment in developing countries through an insurance scheme. But that suggestion smacks of a double standard, since it means that U S taxpayers would subsidize private sector risk-taking in the South

The South will counter with a plea for an increase in the amount of money the IMF makes available through Special Drawing Rights (SDRs) or bank-backed currency But it is unlikely to be successful As Netherlands Central Bank economist André Szasz points out "SDRs are 'created money'—and as such are highly inflationary They could devalue loans already outstanding Instead, probably over bitter protests, the IMF and World Bank will go for more co-financed deals arranged through private banks This, in practice, will mean higher interest rates, tougher terms—and an inevitable hike in the already astronomical Third World debt According to IMF figures, the 94 developed countries owned a total of $359 billion in 1979 The interest payments alone were an incredible $62.7 billion

Even if there is any progress at the Cancun conference and afterward, however, the fundamental problem remains "It is apparent," comments Inter Pares' Jean Christie, "that nothing is going to happen that will address the question of power People can talk ad nauseam about appropriate technology, loans and aid But the crux of underdevelopment is the lack of control that people have at the local level in the Third World

Implicit in the development visions of such aid establishment reformers as former West German chancellor Willy Brandt, or CIDA's Executive Director Marcel Massé, is the fact that transfers of power and enormous social changes must take place in both North and South Until that happens, the problems of mass poverty, starvation, unemployment, the pollution and depletion of the planet's resources, and war between the haves and have-nots cannot really begin to be solved Says Robert Kerton, a Waterloo, Ont, professor of economics who is an active member of the Consumers' Association of Canada "Our wasteful lifestyle is already in the process of being corrected. We'll have to use our ingenuity to make substitutions"

Cancun represents, in effect, a last chance to alter attitudes, if not nuts and bolts "People will say that the conference was a flop," says Agustin Barrios-Gomez, Mexican ambassador to Canada What he hopes is that the conference, which cost his government $8 million to host, will nevertheless break the long-standing North-South deadlock "What is really important," he insists, "is that we are maintaining a dialogue" For the poorest countries, however, talk is the most useless form of aid

With files from John Dizard in London, Iain Guest in Geneva, André McNicoll in Ottawa and Chris Moseley in Stockholm.

PEOPLE



ROBERT C. MAGSDALE

Bey and 'Threepenny Opera' daughter McDonald: no understudies, no backstabbing

It has been more than four years since CBC TV superimposed **Mary Ann McDonald**'s face over Parliament Hill on a Canada Day program and then miscued the music for her rock version of *O Canada*. "The song had been released as a single, but after that I never heard it again," says McDonald, who has contented herself with acting ever since. Acclaimed for her portrayal of a battered wife in CBC's *A Far Cry From Home* last year, she is currently starring in a Toronto stage production of *The Threepenny Opera*. In it, McDonald plays the unlikely daughter of black blues singer **Saloma Bay**. And though she still sings, McDonald is glad she got out of the record industry. "I heard so much from other singers about how they were being messed around," she says. Besides, "in Canada they can't afford understudies"—so there is little likelihood of a lead actress being stabbed in the back by a watcher in the wings.

Looking like a tattered **Mosea**, the legendary **Charlton Heston**, 57, is at work in the unceasing downpour of British Columbia's rain forest this month directing and starring in *Mother Lode*. The $6-million adventure-suspense film co-stars Canadian actor **Nick Mancuso**, 32, who says his huge bear of a director is an "extremely casual" boss. Heston, who has not directed for the screen since *Antony and Cleopatra* in 1971, took the job partly because his son, **Fraser**, a Vancouver resident, wrote the screenplay, but it doesn't signify a permanent change. "I've done five *Macbeths*. I'd like to do one more," he says. "I figure that's about all I've got left in me. Than I'd like to play **Andrew Jackson** again. I've played him twice and I haven't got him right yet." Though prior to *Mother Lode* Heston headed a U.S. presidential task force on arts and humanities, he squelches renewed rumors that he is seeking a senatorial spot. "I can't do any job where they require all your time," he says. Besides, "the greatest part I might ever have may be in somebody's typewriter right now."

Haathar Robartson met Canada's famed criminal **Kan Leishman** more than 10 years ago when she was a young Winnipeg reporter and he was on day parole trying to hawk a manuscript about his exploits. "He understood how big business worked as though he were one of the Bronfmans," she says. "He thought he would get huge dollars from his story." Robertson was impressed by Leishman's writing, but the project was ended when he realized that the warden at Winnipeg's Stony Mountain Penitentiary "didn't approve of cons getting publicity when they were in the clink." Then, American actor **Darran McGavin** became interested in the tale of the man who got away with $383,000 in gold bullion from the Winnipeg airport in 1966, cleanly escaped from prison twice and disappeared after five years of going straight, following a plane crash in 1979. But McGavin dropped the project and now a Calgary film company has picked it up. Based on Robertson's chronicle, *The Flying Bandit*, published last week, the film will be directed by **Gordon Pinsent**. Says Robertson: "Ken had big ideas. He thought it would be a *Bonnie and Clyde* and he wanted to star in it himself." Perhaps if Leishman is alive and well and living in California, as some people believe, news of the plum part going to **Lan Carlou** may yet bring him out of the woodwork.

Rabbi **Abraham L. Feinberg** looks fittingly enough, like a fragile man of 82. Birdlike hands scribbling whole paragraphs, his failing eyesight requiring hunched concentration, he quietly signed volume after volume of his new book last week and then stood up and took the roof off. In the powerful tenor he used successfully in the 1930s as NBC-Radio's romantic "Anthony Frome," one of the world's most controversial men of the cloth lambasted organized religion's "outdated, oppressive" attitudes toward sex. It is all in his



ALAIN HANSSON

Blanchard, Feinberg: totally researched

book, *Sex and the Pulpit*, but Feinberg didn't mind saying it again, even if it did make some members of his former Holy Blossom Reform congregation in Toronto cringe. As his fortyish live-in lady, **Patricia Blanchard**, smiled benignly, Feinberg warned, "After you read this book you may not say hello to me on the street, but it is totally uninhibited, totally honest—and *totally* researched."

It was an uneasy situation and it showed. When Prime Minister **Pierre Trudeau** and B.C. Premier **Bill Bennett** posed for photographers outside 24 Sussex Drive last week prior to their huddle on the constitution, they didn't even



CLARK/UPI, INC.

Trudeau better the blonde than Bennett

perform the traditional handshake. "No warm embrace?" queried blonde television reporter **Gayle Morris** of CFCF-TV Montreal. "I'll embrace *you* anytime," replied Trudeau, and with his customary flair for the unusual, swooped down and hugged the surprised Morris. Though her husband, **Lorne Nystrom**, an NDP member of Parliament from Saskatchewan, has been his party's chief dissenter to Trudeau's constitutional plans, he didn't mind his wife getting hugs from the PM. Says Nystrom: "She's an independent person and it was all in good fun"—probably the only fun Trudeau had that day.

After 40 years in New York City's Museum of Modern Art, **Pablo Picasso**'s anti-war masterpiece *Guernica* has been returned to Spain where it will be exhibited for the first time next week. But the location of the exhibit, Madrid, has caused a furore among the Basque people whose town inspired the work. "This painting has much more than artistic value," says Basque Nationalist Party Senator **José Elosegui**. "It is a symbol of our people's suffering." Elosegui, 65, was one of the rescuers who went into Guernica in 1937 during the Spanish Civil War when **Hitler**'s Luftwaffe joined forces with Gen. **Francisco Franco** to level the Basque city and kill thousands of women and children. The carnage provoked a worldwide outcry and moved Picasso to paint the protest, which he sent to the United States with the stipulation that it not be returned until democracy was restored. Now, six years after President Franco's death, *Guernica* will hang in an 18th-century palace behind bulletproof glass guarded by squads of police with metal detectors. Says Elosegui: "The painting is still in exile."

In case anyone doubted it, **Jeff Conaway**, the would-be actor in TV's *Taxi*, insists "there is life after television." As proof, Conaway is in Montreal this week wrapping up his sixth feature film, *Dreamworld*, with Canadian actress **Debra Wakaham** and ex-TV personality **Tiiu Laak**. Whittling down his *Taxi* appearances to six this year, the 31-year-old Conaway is concentrating on his next movie project, *Grease II*, which will feature a return of the old, *old* Rydell High School gang, complete with **John Travolta**, 27, and **Olivia Newton-John**, 33. After four years of financial security behind the wheel, Conaway will likely find *Grease II* a lot less lucrative. Though its predecessor was a box office bonanza, it has been more than three years since audiences were asked to believe that snapping his fingers and cracking his gum made Conaway look like a high-school senior.

Since scaling the pop charts with *I'm a Man* and *Gimme Some Lovin'* in the mid-1960s, **Spencer Davis** has been content to keep a low profile in Los Angeles' video and music industries—until recently. "In 1981 I just decided to go back to work—and with a vengeance," he says. The work has brought him north to produce an album in Edmonton for a West Coast band called **Crackers** and share some of the spotlight with Canada's reigning blues band, **Downchild**. Having produced and performed on Downchild's latest album, *Blood Run Hot*, Davis, 39, plans to tour as its special guest this fall. "In the States I feel like 20 people are always trying to get into my left shoe—in Canada I'm comfortable," he explains—and while the shoe fits he will wear it.



ALAN MARKFIELD

Wakaham, Conaway, Leak: life after TV



DAVID BAKER

Elosagui with 'Guernica' print: still in exile

In the middle of an address to a police convention in New Orleans this month, **Ronald Reagan** began to stammer and stumble over his words. The poor performance was so uncharacteristic that reporters asked White House physician Dr. **Daniel Ruge** if the president was having eye trouble or reading difficulties. Neither, said Ruge. The nearsighted Reagan was reading easily from a TelePrompTer until the lights from a TV camera obliterated the screen. When speaking from a written text, Ruge says, the president is even more talented. He uses only one of his contact lenses so he can see the page while fixing the people with his other eye. "The president is a very gifted man," enthuses Ruge.

—EDITED BY BARBARA MATTHEWS

Plodding toward a television revolution

By Ian Anderson

Ask, what have they done with the airwaves when they had the opportunity? Ask, where has been the innovation and creativity in their record?—Pat Ferns, veteran Canadian film producer

Not very much, by any measure Such has been the failure of Canadian television to be much more than an annex to the American networks that none of the saints and shysters who sweated through 15 days of John Meisel's hearings into pay television took issue with Pat Ferns They all took it for grantad That failure was the reason they were there this month



Meisel (right) CRTC hearing in Hull once more, the last chance' cry is heard

TERRY O'NEIL/READ/CP

applying for the first pay-TV licence to be issued by the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC)

Three-quarters of Canadian prime-time television is devoted to U S shows An incredible 96 per cent of drama programming is foreign American television may have been described as a wasteland, but at least it is America's wasteland To the pain of Meisel and the CRTC, America's wasteland is Canada's, too

In an industry devoted to the use of superlatives, it is not strange to hear pay-TV described as the "last chance" for Canadian television "If we don't get this in place, it's our last chance to get our own audience," prophesies John Eckert, president of the Canadian Association of Motion Picture Producers "In the next few years we'll be overwhelmed by foreign programming" CRTC Chairman Meisel has come to agree with such apocalyptic assertions, echoed through the hearings by choirs of blue-suited lawyers and accountants, the born-again cultural nationalists who outnumbered the film-makers Their common recipe calls for large quantities of "big ticket" movies such as *Superman II* to be shown on a special subscription—or pay—channel delivered by the local cable television companies for $8 to $14 a month And out of the enormous revenues such a channel could create, large dollops would be reinvested in Canadian films "Money doesn't guarantee quality, but it is very difficult to achieve quality without it," reasoned Murray Shostak, the bejeaned chief of Universal Productions of Toronto

The source of the urgency floats 3,700 km above the equator A row of satellites sits there spraying five-watt signals indiscriminately across North America Most of those signals are American, and many of the people capturing them on three-metre "dish" antennae are Canadians who do not particularly care about the CRTC's Canadian content rules In four or five years U S companies will launch the first high-power direct broadcast satellite with a signal that could be trapped by a one-metre rooftop dish costing about $500 Canadian manufacturers are among the first to gear up for what they say will be a market of 50 million small dishes (see box) If Canadian television is to compete it will have to slug it out toe-to-toe with American shows and not hide behind a blizzard of CRTC content rules

"Between the two extremes of idealism and greed we have to find a balanced alternative," film-maker Robin Spry told the commission Somewhere between those extremes were 27 applicants, whose directors and investors included two former secretaries of state,



WATSON REGINA LEADER POST

two former CRTC vice chairmen an oil rich Indian band, pension funds, life insurance companies, the Bronfmans and Eatons, Conrad Black, a fistful of oil men, a fish processing company and just about any Toronto and Montreal lawyer with political muscle While each group competed to see how much it could estimate losing on Canadian entertainment in the first few years of its licence, most had long lines of credit from their bankers. The touchstone of their faith lay south of the border with the U S pay-TV companies whose revenues have tripled in the past three years The applicants spent an estimated $7 million to make their cases before the CRTC in the hope that sometime in 1982 it would be *their* company giving Canada's 4 5 million cable subscribers the pitch that Moses Znaimer, president of Canadian Premiere, envisions should *his* company win. "You can't afford *not* to have this service if just once a month it replaces buying a movie ticket for each member of your family"

Znaimer, for one, thinks pay-TV will reach a quarter of all Canadians within five years Harold Wetston, counsel to the Consumers' Association of Canada, does not quarrel with such optimism. "Whoever wins the licence," he remarks matter-of-factly, "becomes an instant millionaire."

Beneath the sheen of Hollywood mega-deals, a thoroughly Canadian process is under way First you regulate the industry, then you delay dealing with pay-TV for five years after the communications minister declares its introduction "inevitable." Then you have a preliminary hearing Then a licence hearing And where you once had an acknowledged leader in cable TV and satellite delivery of television, you now have Canada trying to catch up with U S advances Many U S cable operators now offer subscribers more than 100 channels to choose from, including three dozen pay-TV channels carrying everything from basketball to Las Vegas shows to soft-core pornography (from *Penthouse* magazine's channel) The pay signals are delivered by satellite to the cable operator, who then allocates channels for them on his system

While the CRTC mulled for years before Meisel's arrival in 1979 over just how to divide the spoils between cable TV and broadcasters such as CBC, frustrated cable operators flocked to the U S and became leaders in cable innovation The CRTC, meanwhile, was debating the thorny question of just what Canadian content is Is it a film in which you pretend Toronto is Minneapolis but use a Canadian star and crew? Before pay-TV it is, Eckert says, because the high cost of making films means foreign sales are imperative "If Canada wants its own content and programming, then it is going to have to pay for it," he continues "We're not talking about starting from scratch, we're talking about reversing the flow But we're up against the best in the world You've got to ask, how do we compete against that if our [population] base is one-tenth the American base and our operating costs are about the same?"

None of the major applicants envision Canadian content at more than about 30 per cent initially They feel customers would balk at paying for anything less than Hollywood A typical schedule—this one produced by Premiere—would offer a Bruce Cockburn special on Sunday night between 6 and 7 p m , followed by such movies as *The Blue Lagoon* and *La Cage aux Folles*. The same week's offering would include another 15 movies—*Airplane, Private Benjamin, Body Heat, Love* Of the 27 applications—for national, regional and specialty channels—Premiere's is among the slickest, most expensive and most politically acute (as the bilingual name attests) The barely concealed desire of Znaimer to dominate the country's film industry may have led CRTC commissioner Dick Destefano to compare him to "Duddy Kravitz, in more ways than one" But lining up behind Znaimer—along with investors from the business, political and arts communities—lurks a consortium of cable TV companies holding just over a quartar of Premiere's stock While Znaimer claims they could not control Premiere, the CRTC has adamantly opposed such potential cross-ownership, predicting conflicts of interest between pay-TV and cable For this reason, few expect much from the pay-TV proposal of Standard Broadcasting and one filed jointly by the CTV and TVA networks "What has CTV done dramatically?" scoffs Eckert. "They have 26 half hours of *Littlest Hobo* and two hours of *Escape from Iran*."

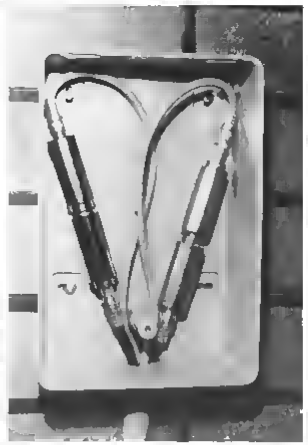
Many of the production people are lined up behind the Performance application of microelectronics entrepreneur John Shepherd and TV veterans Jack McAndrew and Peter Pearson "There are an awful lot of people who believe they won't rape and pillage us like the others will," claims producer Sam Jephcott But Performance failed to get any Quebec stockholders except Hugh Faulkner, the onetime secretary of state and now an Alcan vice-president Also short of French content is the application of Don MacPherson, a much travelled Toronto television executive who lined up $19 million in Bay Street seed money behind the First Choice application Like the Performance backers, he may have fatally underestimated Meisel's long-standing commitment to making Quebeckers "feel at home" in Canada

Harold Greenberg did not make the same mistake Adding to his strong political connections and a proven record as a deal-swinger (if not a quality film-maker), Greenberg allied himself with Philippe de Gaspé Beaubien, the mayor of Expo 67 and the man who Canadianized *TV Guide*. By process of elimination the Astra-Tel bid appeared the strongest, and stock shot up in Greenberg's company, Astral-Bellevue-Pathé Yet doubts lingered about the man who was responsible for *City of Fire* Other applicants suggested his two-channel approach meant Canadian shows would be "ghettoized" on the B channel, while the A channel popped out blockbuster after blockbuster "He's fine, he's hopeful, but I don't know that I want Harold as my cultural czar," Jephcott mused To which Greenberg calmly retorted "CBS bought *City of Fire* for $2 3 million Home Box Office bought it for pay television If all they can criticize me for after 66 pictures is three or four, than, hey, I'm doing pretty well."

These dollar figures do not make Greenberg the kind of beatific national-



Pay-TV unscrambler catching up





Anyone who thinks there's a difference between a drunk driver and a stoned driver could be making a grave mistake.

Several months ago, Allstate ran an ad urging for more public understanding and discussion of the issues before decriminalization of marijuana was engraved in tablets of stone by Ottawa.

Response was excellent.

Individual Canadians and organizations expressed their views to us in the hundreds.

Newspapers, radio stations and TV networks ran stories about the ad and the decriminalization issue nationally.

We even received some constructive letters from many prominent citizens and important political figures.

The only problem is, that in raising the decriminalization issue for public debate, we've also uncovered a minority belief that being stoned shouldn't necessarily prevent a person from driving a car.

A dangerous notion that driving performance is not impaired by cannabis and that the stoned driver is therefore a perfectly fit user of the highway.

In our opinion this idea is dead wrong. But just to show we're not alone in this belief, let's look at some conclusions that other people have reached.

MARIJUANA EFFECTS ON DRIVING
AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION
FOUNDATION FOR TRAFFIC SAFETY, 1981

"For young drivers who are in the early phase of the lengthy learning curve which characterizes the acquisition of driving skills, the risks and consequences of driving under the influence of marijuana are likely to be particularly severe."

THE ADDICTION RESEARCH FOUNDATION OF ONTARIO, 1980

"It is now well recognized that even low doses of marijuana adversely affect driving performance, whether this is measured in a driving simulator, on a test track, or on city streets."

What are these reputable, recognized, authorities saying?

They have obviously concluded that marijuana can impair driving abilities.

Or in other words, that smoking grass and driving could turn out to be a potentially lethal error.

Disturbing news.

But what's even more disturbing is that the American Automobile Association 1981 study also found that "There are marijuana users who agree that it is unsafe to drive while high on marijuana but indicate that they do it anyway."

The attitude being expressed here is clearly "driving while high is O.K. for me."

What research doesn't conclusively prove (or conclusively disprove for that matter) is whether decriminalization or any liberalization of the laws will actually increase the frequency of marijuana related accidents.

All we do know is that, even under our present severe laws, marijuana usage has been increasing for the past several years. This trend is expected to continue.

And in our considered opinion, decriminalization alone, without consideration for controlling the fallout, can't but help worsen the trend.

How can we resolve this dilemma? Is it possible to have laws that treat cannabis use and possession in a humanitarian way but don't open the door to highway abuse?

Surely the place to start is with the monitoring and control of cannabis in and around driving situations.

We believe that with the introduction of the proposed decriminalization legislation, the Federal Government should negotiate with the Provincial and Territorial governments so that their highway acts will provide for additional, stronger penalties for possession of cannabis in any motor vehicle and authority for police to lay charges accordingly.

And as related activities, we suggest government support for consumer education about the issue and long term monitoring of cannabis related highway incidents.

At Allstate, we realize that it is not our business to be either for or against decriminalization of marijuana. That's up to the Government.

But it is our business to be against needless death and injury on the highways of Canada. In Allstate's book, to be anything less would be a grave mistake.

Allstate
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If you have an opinion on this issue, we'd appreciate hearing from you. Please write: Allstate, 255 Consumers Road, Willowdale, Ontario, M2J 1R4.



GLOBE AND MAIL

Black (left), Faulkner (middle) and Znaimer applying for millionaire status

ist that the people behind the TeleCanada proposal want to see running pay-TV. They advocate a non-discretionary service to which every cable subscriber would have to pay an additional $2.50. "Is it really true we can pay $43 a barrel for oil but not $2.50 [for television] a month?" queried TeleCanada President Paul Audley. Znaimer is not alone in suggesting the group offered the kind of "nanny-state" proposal that would only raise the hackles of viewers, no matter how good its intentions.

While the applicants for a nationwide licence said they needed a monopoly to maximize the dollars spent on Canadian programs, it was the regional applicants who best showed the innovation Meisel had called for. They also showed the most virulent opposition to Toronto's grip on defining what is good art and entertainment. "It is, in fact, almost impossible to do artistic business with Toronto, because there it is a foregone conclusion that only Toronto can produce material of quality," grated University of Alberta drama professor Bill Melin, speaking for an Alberta applicant. Regional licence proposals came from all provinces but Quebec, Manitoba and Saskatchewan. There was also a bevy of "narrowcasting" applications, specialty channels that could coexist with a national licence—channels for sports, performing arts, offbeat movies, films in languages other than French or English. No applicant ventured forth with soft-core pornography.

Through this, his biggest decision, John Meisel sat almost Solomonic above the fray. The commission was in disarray when he took over, six of the nine commissioners having left before their terms were over. It was a rather timid former academic who then spoke of the "mind-blowingly important issues" he faced as chairman.

Now his grasp of the industry is disputed by nobody. One measure of his authority was the way that any small joke from the chairman was greeted with the laughter of courtiers. In one aside, after wishing Harold Greenberg happy birthday, Meisel declared the commission's undying impartiality and wished happy birthday to all the other applicants, too. Behind the bemused smile, though, fidgets the same mind that once concluded that Canada's "progressively and ultimately annihilating Americanization is in part a consequence of our milquetoastian nationality." If ever John Meisel had the chance to do anything about that "Americanization," the pay-TV decision is it. ◇

Dishes and space no pie in the sky

What scientists call "technically unavoidable spillover" from U.S. satellites covers about nine out of 10 Canadian homes. With a three-metre dish receiver costing $5,000, just about anyone in Canada can "pirate" regular and pay-TV channels from these "birds." The cost may seem prohibitive in southern Canada, but in remote northern towns the dish is the only game going. A 2½-year old Toronto firm, Microdesign Ltd., claims it has just received orders for 1,000 units from its Canadian distributor, which uses such marketing techniques as setting up at harvest fairs in northern Canada. Its U.S. distributor has ordered 5,000 units.

But the future lies elsewhere, says Microdesign President Robert Arn. "We're turning toward the direct broadcast satellite (DBS). That is in the future, but in the very short-term future. The satellites are being booked now. People are putting down tens of millions of transponders [satellite channels] in 1987."

Microdesign expects to sell its one-metre DBS dish for about $500, and it expects to sell four million of them in the first year of satellite service, probably 1984. "The market could not be much smaller than that, or the system couldn't exist," Arn claims. The U.S. Federal Communications Commission is already hearing applications from 14 individuals and companies who want DBS licences, including such heavyweights as RCA and CBS. Some DBS signals would be "scrambled," obliging recipients to lease a de-scrambler from the licensee. But Canadians in such border towns as Windsor, Ont., have long cut through these problems by acquiring illegal de-scramblers to pick up local pay-TV signals.



ERIC HAYE

Dish-builder Arn: 1987 here we come

Arn believes his major market will be in countries where cable television is still undeveloped, or in areas too remote to make cable viable. And he has no qualms about putting added pressure on cable and broadcast systems laboring to uphold "Canadian identity." Says Arn: "I see more Canadian movies on American satellites than I do in Canadian theatres. You find these satellite systems are a major export market for the Canadian producer."



DONO BALL/CP

Expo shortstop Chris Speier makes a play at second base occasionally dazzling, almost always airtight

SPORTS

Once more at the brink dear fans

By Hal Quinn

If international sport is lacking only five rounds, then last week's battle for baseball's National League pennant was not lacking in assaults Fans, non-fans and even constitution-weary politicians claimed that the Expos of Montreal were doing more to unite the country than any other pretenders to the nation's psyche The series with the Dodgers of Los Angeles to decide who would meet the Yankees of New York in the World Series was as riveting as any battle for the Grey Cup—or, for that matter, the Stanley Cup In any official language, the excitement verged on hysteria.

Montreal's magnificent obsession with Les Expos began on April 8, 1969, when they won the first major league baseball game played after two anthems But it wasn't until last Friday night that the first championship series game was played outside the United States The adoration of the 54,372 fans at Olympic Stadium shook the still uncovered edifice and a group of topless, well-fortified young men rebutted the American media's fixation with the true North's climate It was a relatively balmy 10°C at game time and the wet snow that whipped Baltimore's base paths in 1979 and the chill that gripped Philadelphia's stadium last October were conveniently forgotten by prognosticators from the South As Canadian and Quebec flags unfurled in the stands, Montreal fans basked in the glow of their adopted sons

After defeating their nemesis of last season, the Philadelphia Phillies, in the fifth game of a strike-induced playoff round, the Expos travelled last week to Los Angeles where they had won but once in 19 games They stranded runners, didn't steal bases, hit into double plays or popped out harmlessly (Larry Parrish three times) whenever they threatened Pitcher Bill Gullickson had one bad inning, the second, and reliever Jeff Reardon a worse one, the eighth, and the Expos lost 5-1 In game two, they had only to face Mexican national hero, rookie left-hander Fernando Valenzuela who had flirted with invincibility all season

Amid tinseltown's glitterati and Eskimo jokes, Expos pitcher Ray Burris walked to the mound A journeyman right-hander playing for his fifth team in 8½ years, he has lost more than he has won during his travels But in the second half of this troubled season he had been sparkling He would call this Los Angeles night "the most rewarding experience of my life," allowing the vaunted Dodgers just five singles in five separate innings The Expos managed to bunch some of their hits for once and got three runs past Valenzuela This, combined with defensive play that dazzled on occasion and was air tight throughout, gave the Expos a 3-0 win and sent the series north tied at one

If Burris has been sparkling of late, then veteran Steve Rogers has been almost perfect He pitched a two-hit masterpiece to set up Montreal's first post-season adventure and then beat the ace of the defending champion Phillies, Steve Carlton, twice in the playoffs Friday night he was at it again The Dodger lead-off man reached base in the first five innings, but Rogers gave up just one run Jerry White delivered one of his rare homers to produce three runs after Larry Parrish's erratic bat had driven in one Parrish, the favorite goat for Montreal fans when euphoria hasn't transported them (which is most of the time), also did a Brooks Robinson imitation at third base to help Rogers past his third post-season win Rogers, the target in years past of a whispering campaign about his inability to win the big ones, has transcended redemption In the past two weeks he has won four critical games, allowed just two runs in the process and even (against Carlton) done some hitting

The dream faltered along with the Expo pitching on Saturday as the Dodgers came back to tie the series with a 7-1 thrashing of Canada's favorite Americans on a delightful Indian summer afternoon But with horrible weather predicted for Sunday, and Ray Burris back on the mound, all hope had not been abandoned ◇

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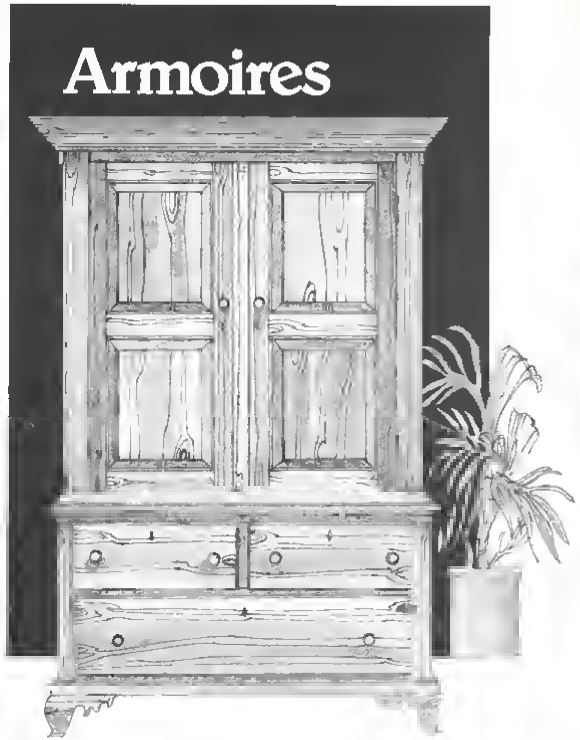
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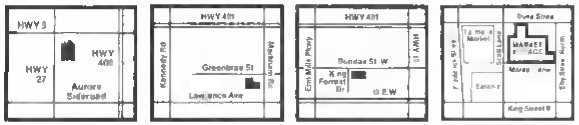
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FILMS

Snapshots of love in exile



Suzman, McKellen: a valedictory limbo

PRIEST OF LOVE
Directed by Christopher Miles

"I shall always be a priest of love and a glad one," D.H. Lawrence wrote in a letter of 1914. "Once you've known what love can do, there's no disappointment and no despair." Christopher Miles's film biography, which begins in 1924 and charts the writer's later years, presents glimpses of a life whose pace and temper seem somewhat at odds with such benign sentiments. By 1924, Lawrence had become the restless exile from his native England in both the literal and spiritual senses. While he decried what he perceived as the constraints of a suffocating bourgeoisie, the bourgeoisie reacted in kind, on occasion banning his novels and even publicly burning them. Years of travel followed to New Mexico, Florence and the south of France where, in 1930, at the age of 44, he died of tuberculosis. Lawrence's German-born wife, Frieda, had endured a special form of exile of her own when she left her first husband and three young children to run off with the writer. Their relationship retained the turbulent spirit of its beginnings.

In Miles's portrait of a marriage, the Lawrences fight a lot. They make love a lot. And they talk—oh, how they talk—about love a lot. As played by Ian McKellen and Janet Suzman, they also preach a message of sexual liberation, which soon takes on an unwelcome edge of sanctimoniousness.

Miles provides only snapshots of these historical figures in a landscape. A narrative point of view that might

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define, dramatically, the artist's inner conflicts eludes him. Accordingly, the flashbacks intended to illustrate how particular incidents influenced the Lawrence personality seem at times more distracting than helpful. Lawrence and Frieda are stranded in a kind of valedictory limbo, their effect less flesh and blood than plaster of paris. Miles, who earlier made the film version of Lawrence's *The Virgin and the Gypsy*, has been nothing if not reverential. But this is the problem: it is no doubt a function of such literal-mindedness that the scenery is frequently more compelling than the people in front of it. McKellen and Suzman, to their great credit, manage now and then to amplify thinly written parts into poignant performances. The secondary characters—including Ava Gardner's Mabel Dodge Luhan (a Lawrence patron) and John Gielgud's Herbert Muskett (the British censor)—tend to slide quickly into caricature.

Priest of Love is obviously a labor of love. Just as obviously, it is another instance of what can occur when fidelity is paired with limited imagination. "The dead don't die," Lawrence once observed. "They look on and help." This time they seem to have been looking the other way. —JOHN LOWNSBROUGH

Color co-ordinated in the swamp

SOUTHERN COMFORT
Directed by Walter Hill

A violent, predictable mix of *Lord of the Flies* and *Deliverance*, *Southern Comfort* does not measure up to either very well as it follows nine American militiamen through their manoeuvres in the Louisiana bayous. The soldiers (including Keith Carradine and a scowling Powers Boothe still doing Jim Jones from *The Guyana Tragedy*) aren't much more capable than children, outside the theoretical confines of their army training, they can't survive in the swamps. Cajuns, bear traps and the inevitable quicksand (no alligators, though) are too much for them as they quickly turn into a platoon of fools. Despite some truly bad continuity (one man's busted mouth is miraculously fixed a few minutes later), the movie does have a distinctive style: the swamp is eerily evoked with greens, greys and drab olives. Visual style isn't new to director Walter Hill (*The Warriors*), but sloppy work is. This study of human behavior under pressure in alien surroundings seems expressly made for those with short memories for better examples of the genre. —LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

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Andrews' Irons' richness and fidelity

BRIDESHEAD REVISITED
CBC, Oct. 19 to Jan. 11

In the latter half of the Second World War, with much of the erstwhile grace of England lying in rubble around him, Capt. Evelyn Waugh, RM, felt that an era had been lost irrevocably. Turning from the finely honed malice and whimsy of the novels that had made him famous, he adopted an autumnal, elegiac tone for his Proustian memento of better times, *Brideshead Revisited*. The book thrived on sensuous detail—on champagne and plovers' eggs, on the sun-dappled greensward, on the ornate halls of the grand home Brideshead itself—to an extent that the author had second thoughts and wrote much of the poignant excess out of the second edition in 1960. But the 13-hour Granada Television recreation of the book is so exact, richly trimmed and comprehensive, it virtually is the novel.

Serious literature such as *Brideshead* is generally maimed by Hollywood's attempts to cut it to two-hour size, while television with its almost limitless time frame can acquit itself handsomely. *Brideshead* (at a cost of about $10 million, the most expensive television production yet mounted in Britain) is the evidence, if any more is needed. It opens with the Waugh character, Charles Ryder (played by Jeremy Irons, of *The French Lieutenant's Woman*), embroiled in petty military tyrannies until



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PARTICIPACTION



Gielgud, impish turn as an eccentric

a manoeuvre takes him to Brideshead and his youth reopens. The setting is Oxford in 1922, when the rather stiff Ryder falls in with a "fast" set of aesthetes through the wiles of Sebastian (Anthony Andrews), the younger scion of the Marchmains of Brideshead. Here the little screen, recording rapt glances and awkward silences, makes explicit what in the novel was well beneath the surface. Charles and Sebastian are painfully in love. These opening episodes are the story's homoerotic heart. Later, as time and chance weather the characters (Sebastian, a melancholy alcoholic, ends up rotting in North Africa and Ryder marries Julia Marchmain), Waugh's Roman Catholic conscience overshadows all. *Brideshead* is a work of curious atonement for the extravagances of youth.

The adaptation uses a travelogue in the exotic style of the '20s, we visit the miasmic splendors of Venice to meet Lord Marchmain (Laurence Olivier) and the suqs of Fez to smoke out Sebastian. But again and again we return to the seat of the family (actually the magnificent Castle Howard, in Yorkshire), with its ornate chapel, seat of the overriding conscience. Happily, the casting is as good as the camera work, with John Gielgud doing a brittle, impish turn as Charles's eccentric father, Claire Bloom as the imperious Lady Marchmain and, in an outrageously flamboyant performance, Nickolas Grace as Anthony Blanche stuttering out his lavendered defiance of convention. Only Andrews falters, as Sebastian's alleged charm remains inscrutable. The richness and fidelity of its making, together with the compelling pull of its sensibility, makes *Brideshead* in a season of too common triviality, a reward of uncommon grandeur.

—BILL MACVICAR

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Hard hats, turbans and Big Brother



Is freedom of religion another cudgel for human rights commissions to use?

By Barbara Amiel

In a way all my sympathies are with Mr K S Bhinder, the East Indian gentleman of orthodox Sikh persuasion who would not remove his turban in order to wear a hard hat on his job as an electrician for Canadian National Railways This did not sit well with CN The company had, after all, removed Mr Bhinder from his job three years ago Recently the Canadian Human Rights Commission ordered CN to rehire Mr Bhinder in his old job without a loss of seniority and with a back pay settlement of $14,500—complete with a turban

In its reasoning, the human rights commission ruled that (a) wearing a turban was an essential part of the Sikh religion and (b) by not wearing a hard hat Mr Bhinder's safety would be endangered only to a very slight extent As one who has frequented the same railroad yard—as a volunteer worker arranging flowers in a passenger train car—I say hooray for Mr Bhinder But in spite of my sympathies—based on sartorial considerations, comfort and the firm belief that since it is my head I should be able to put on it whatever I damn well please—I can't help being intrigued by certain aspects of the rights commission decision

For one thing, what if Mr Bhinder's safety had been endangered not to a "slight" but to a considerable extent by not wearing a hard hat? In that case, would it have been permissible to offend his religious freedom? The requirement to wear a hard hat is not merely a CN regulation, but also a regulation of the Canada Labor Code—in other words, it's the law What if Mr Bhinder had refused to wear a helmet while riding a motorcycle, as required by the Highway Traffic Act? Would this then become more important than his human right to religious freedom?

Secondly, what about those workers whose safety, presumably, is not more endangered than Mr Bhinder's but, like myself, cannot rely on religious reasons for refusing to obey the law Would the human rights commission be prepared to conclude that their refusal, based on a belief in liberty and freedom of conscience, is also a human right and should take precedence over arbitrary safety regulations? If so, this would be a real triumph for human rights Such a decision would sound the death knell for nanny laws from seat belts to cyclamates

I may be forgiven, however, for taking the jaundiced view that the HRC, even in our enlightened age, will be far more sympathetic to a man's belief that his long hair is needed to enable God to pull him up to heaven than to another man's credo in simple liberty And while on the question of theology, I also find it intriguing that to rule as it did, the HRC found it necessary to express a view on whether or not the wearing of a turban was an "essential part" of the Sikh religion What if the commission had come to a different conclusion? Will our government bureaucracies now set themselves up as arbitrators of theological niceties? Would the cabalists' beliefs win government approval, Commissioner Fairweather, or would you follow the views of the neological rabbis? Or, for that matter, will we finally make it official how many angels can dance on the head of a pin?

Which brings us to the real question Needless to say, any decent society would permit people complete freedom to hold a religious belief and express it in whatever dress codes and lifestyles they desire—short of breaking the prohibitions of the Criminal Code But, until now, those religions with requirements and prohibitions that were incompatible with the ordinary practices of modern society chose to take the consequences, good or bad, upon themselves Mennonites may have insisted on driving horse-drawn vehicles but not on being allowed to do so on superhighways Orthodox Jews who could not work on Saturdays were satisfied with jobs that didn't require them to do so It is a new phenomenon—and one that no longer engages my sympathies—that would force the larger society through various government agencies to accommodate the most orthodox practices of religious sects, even at the price of interfering with the liberty, convenience and, sometimes, safety of others



Any employer—in this case CN specifically—should have the unquestioned right to determine and enforce safety and other job-related requirements within its companies If you don't like the rules, you don't have to work for the people who make them If an employer requires a dress code for mere esthetic reasons, it should be none of the government's business It is a human right to have our own customs, but it is hardly a human right to force them on everyone else

But what allowances would our moral referees on the human rights commission make for the concepts of liberty? Defenders of liberty will have to disguise it in the habits of superstition and transcendental taboos We must create an All-Knowing-Being-in-the-Sky who commands us never to bind our bodies with restraints when travelling (seat belts) or always to ingest certain substances with our morning tea and prayers (saccharin) Perhaps we should resurrect the French Revolution's great contradiction in terms and build huge shrines to worship before the goddess of Reason Sign up here for the Church of Free Human Beings—and see if our right to live in peace and dignity will be defended by our employees on the human rights commission And don't hold your breath

Converting to the cult of high-tech fitness

Klutzes and pros alike are working out on Nautilus

By Eric Starkman

"My schedule can't get worse," says Joan Tulloch, 24, who daily juggles a full-time job in a medical laboratory with the rigors of a computer programming course. Conflicting pressures have been known to push her coffee ration up to seven cups, but Tulloch knows there's relief on the horizon three times a week she heads for a midtown Toronto fitness centre and works her body to mind-soothing exhaustion. Fighting the resistance of some ungainly chrome and vinyl-padded equipment, the 24-year-old follows a vigorous routine that exercises her muscles from hamstring to biceps. Half an hour later, she's on her way. "Two weeks after I started my workouts, I noticed results," enthuses Tulloch. "My arms and legs became better toned and I even had color in my face."

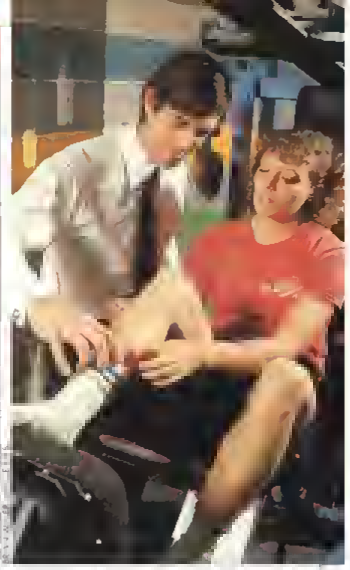
An estimated 60,000 Canadians echo her praise for the Nautilus fitness program—an exercise routine using weight machines to increase strength, flexibility and cardiovascular stamina. Touted as scientifically designed, the equipment was at first the preserve of professional sports teams. But since its invention in 1948, the apparatus has swept the U.S., where an estimated 2.2 million Americans regularly train at one of the country's 2,600 Nautilus centres. Canadian converts are also flocking. In the early '70s, the Chatham, N.B., recreation hall unveiled the country's first Nautilus machines; today 53 Nautilus clubs stretch from Halifax to Prince George, B.C. High-tech fitness has come to Red Deer, Alta., and Sarnia, Ont. Though a set of Nautilus machines will run a club owner from $2,200 to $7,400, Canadian distributor Franc Sutcliffe expects his sales will total $1 million this year and double in 1982. Says he: "The trend is just beginning."

To the uninitiated, Nautilus may look like the latest body-building gimmick, but converts hasten to point out that its raison d'être is total fitness, not gargantuan muscles. In fact, many Nautilus owners discourage would-be Arnold Schwarzeneggers from invading the plush-carpeted calm of their clubs—havens that boast mirrored walls, piped-in stereo music and plenty of greenery. Says Reid Jenner, who owns Nautilus Total Fitness in midtown Toronto: "I don't want a muscle gym with a bunch of apes smelling up the place and whistling at the women." Such concern is widespread—at most clubs, women comprise 35 to 40 per cent of the membership.

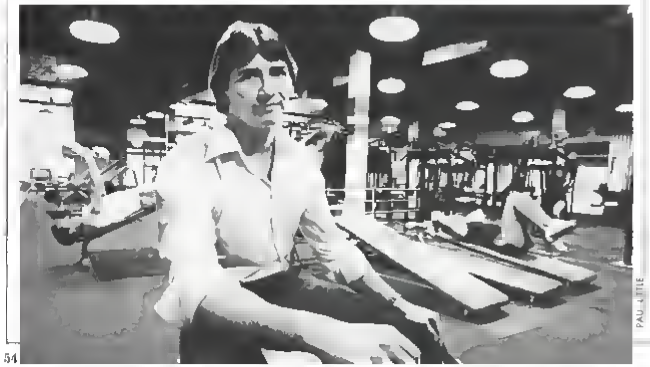
More than snobbery, however, separates Nautilus from other weight contraptions. The secret is the patented elliptical cam, which converts the up-and-down motion of the weight stacks to a variable rotary motion, permitting a full range of resistance against the muscles. According to the advocates who praise it with missionary zeal, Nautilus draws the entire muscle structure into play—also the joints, the connective tissue and even the bones. Trainees subject themselves to its mercies for a mere 30 minutes, three times a week.

Klutzes and marathoners alike can handle the regimen. A workout involves 12 separate weight machines, each designed to isolate a separate group of muscles. On each machine, the health buff counts off eight to 12 repetitions at a level of resistance that exhausts the muscle group being exercised. Pronounces Calgary fitness consultant Lise Vautour, who recommends the equipment to harried executives: "Nautilus is the one and only exercise system that stands up in logical as well as physiological cross-examination."

The Montreal Canadiens and Toronto Argonauts have been flexing their muscles on the system, and Peter Marchuk, who as winner of the 1981 Gillette Challenge is reputedly the fittest man in Canada, calls Nautilus "a big part of my training program." Also quick with an accolade, tennis champion Billie Jean King credits the equipment with her rehabilitation from knee surgery. Indeed, to specialists in sports medicine, the machine's therapeutic possibilities are a major selling point. Dr. John Cameron, an orthopedic surgeon and a consultant to the University of Toronto's sports medicine clinic, uses Nautilus in the rehabilitation of athletes. "It's probably the best equipment of its time on the market today," says Cameron, an



Cameron with athlete: therapeutic

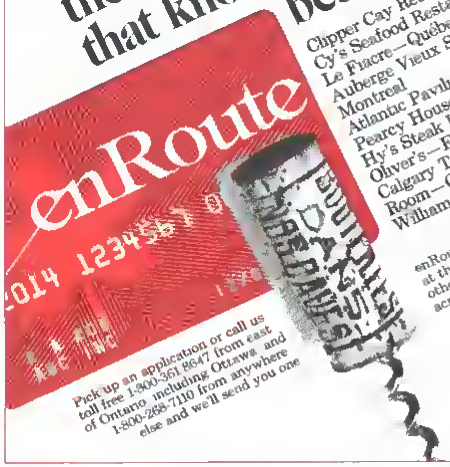


Cook at his club: the faithful flock despite a dearth of evidence

PAUL LITTLE



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active marathon skier who trains on Nautilus himself

Although most experts concede the machines can build strength and flexibility, skeptics question whether they provide the cardiovascular benefits that are considered the sine qua non of any fitness program Some worry that many trainees allow more than the recommended 60 seconds to elapse between turns on each machine, thereby short changing themselves aerobically Other consultants insist that the most scrupulously monitored Nautilus workout cannot adequately stimulate the heart and lungs. "Thirty minutes of running will improve your cardiovascular stamina faster and more efficiently than all the



Vautour (right) and client accoladas

Nautilus equipment in the world," states Allan Scott, director of fitness at the Cambridge Club in Toronto Even some of the most enthusiastic Nautilus proponents are wondering about the validity of the equipment's "scientific" claims Says Brian Cook, manager of Vancouver's spiffy downtown Nautilus Centre "I wish there had been more documented studies published on it."

Fitness purists would no doubt be loath to forsake the track and the pool for the machines, but lingering questions don't deter the legions of deskbound people who hanker after trim waistlines, yet lack the time or the inclination to sweat their way through daily sessions at the Y Among clients at Vancouver's Nautilus Centre, there's little talk of aerobic benefits "I just like to have a nice-looking body," says art dealer Robert Urquhart Adds accountant Terry Stark "Nautilus is the easiest way to get fit I've found, and I've tried a few."

With files from John Masters

PEOPLE ACTUALLY THINK A NEW CAR SHOULD LAST LONGER. WHO EVER GAVE THEM THAT IDEA?

For most people, those happy, carefree days when you could trade cars every two or three years may be gone forever.

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Hazards of stoking up the home fires

Toothless regulations and ignorant owners add to the dangers of burning wood

By Catherine Rodd

Tired of watching the price of home heating oil escalate, an unprecedented number of Canadian consumers have harkened back to their pioneer roots and started burning wood in stoves and fireplaces. Today, at least one million homes have fireplaces and 214,000 families rely solely on wood for their warmth. Properly installed and carefully maintained, wood stoves are an excellent substitute for fossil fuels. But while an accelerating demand for these modern stoves has boosted the industry, it has also opened the door to unscrupulous installers and incompetent do-it-yourselfers. Add to this the general lack of knowledge about wood heating, the mishmash of unenforceable regulations governing the stoves and their installation, and the results are disastrous. Last year, Prince Edward Island recorded $200,000 worth of property damage due to wood fires, up from just $14,000 three years ago. Ontario's losses due to fires rose 42 per cent in one year, from $4.4 million in 1979 to $6.4 million in 1980. Experts in the field predict the trend will worsen. Says Edgar LeBlanc, a Moncton, N.B., insurance inspector: "I think we're going to see more major fires and loss of life."

The main culprit is not the stove but the stove's owner, claims LeBlanc, pointing to the fact that 90 per cent of fires are due to the "human factor." Mike O'Grady, a Cobourg, Ont., chimney sweep, notes that most people have a "set and forget" attitude about their stoves. Teaching a wood safety course at two area colleges, he is trying to dispel the myth that wood is simply a natural, easy-burning fuel that requires little precaution. Too often, O'Grady observes, wood burners vigorously load up their stoves, creating great blasts of heat, and expect the fire to burn for hours. Instead, the roaring blaze quickly devours the wood. Over-stoking pot bellies eventually leads to cracking, thus dramatically increasing the chance of fire.

But no matter how cautious the owner is, if the stove is improperly installed, catastrophe is inevitable. The heat from a stove too close to walls will eventually ignite the boards behind the plaster. "I've done over 200 inspections," comments LeBlanc, "and I have yet to see a perfect installation." He counsels prospective buyers to vigilantly check the qualifications of their contractors. Equally concerned with the hazards of faulty installation is the Canadian Wood Energy Institute in Toronto, which sponsors safety courses for industry and retailers. LeBlanc praises its work but unfortunately few consumers look for such accreditation. While regulations in the Canada Building Code detail specific clearances between stoves and combustible material, anyone handy with a hammer and saw can install one, making the code unenforceable. Last year, 562 of Ontario's wood-related fires originated in walls, floors and ceilings near stoves, putting the blame squarely on the shoulders of the installer.



PHOTOS BY PETER MACLEAN

Consumers perusing stoves (above); Farnbach (below) rigorous testing



Another potential source of fire is the chimney. Many people, when installing their spanking-new stoves assume their existing chimneys are in good condition, when they may be clogged and crumbling. Last year, 200 blazes in Ontario were sparked by chimney soot or creosote deposits, an inflammable byproduct of combustion. Even though chimneys may be swept once a year, annual cleaning may serve little purpose if the homeowner subjects his chimney to blazing fires followed by rapid cooling, which causes excessive soot build-up. Then, if the chimney is in a state of disrepair, collections of creosote in nooks and crannies will increase the risks—as will cracks in the chimney that allow heat to escape to the roof.

Safety testing of stoves is another tinderbox. Because the provinces have jurisdiction over private property, the Canadian Standards Association (CSA) in Toronto cannot require manufacturers to have their stoves tested. The past three years, however, have seen a rise in independent efficiency-testing laboratories. Lunenburg Foundry & Engineering Ltd. of Nova Scotia, which has been manufacturing wood stoves for 90

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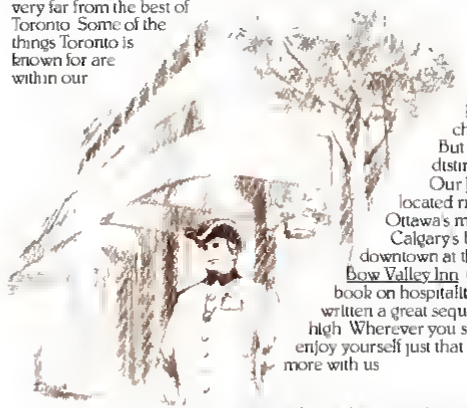
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years, sends its products for testing to Nova Scotia's Technical University. Other manufacturers employ the labs of Ryerson Polytechnical Institute in Toronto, under the supervision of physics professor Erwin Fernbach. In the controlled conditions of the laboratory, stoves undergo at least three rigorous test runs to determine how efficiently they burn, how quickly they warm the room and the level of noxious gases emitted. Fernbach reports that in almost every case, manufacturers will acquiesce to suggested modifications. "In the last three years, we have seen a great improvement in the products," he



O'Grady: dispelling the myth that wood burning requires little preoccupation

adds enthusiastically. "They used to burn unevenly—their efficiency was about 45 per cent. Now we can achieve almost 75 per cent."

While the technology has alleviated many sources of hazard, the industry still goes largely unchecked. Last year, in an effort to regulate the quality of wood stoves, the federal government required that homeowners wishing to apply for a Canadian Oil Substitution Program grant to install a wood stove must purchase a CSA-approved model. For companies like Northwest Stove Ltd. in North Vancouver, whose stoves all carry the CSA label, the clause promises increased sales. However, for Lunenburg Foundry, which has just received CSA approval on only one model, sales have plummeted. "It has wiped out our sales," says Peter Kinley, the company's director of research and development. "We just never thought we needed their approval."

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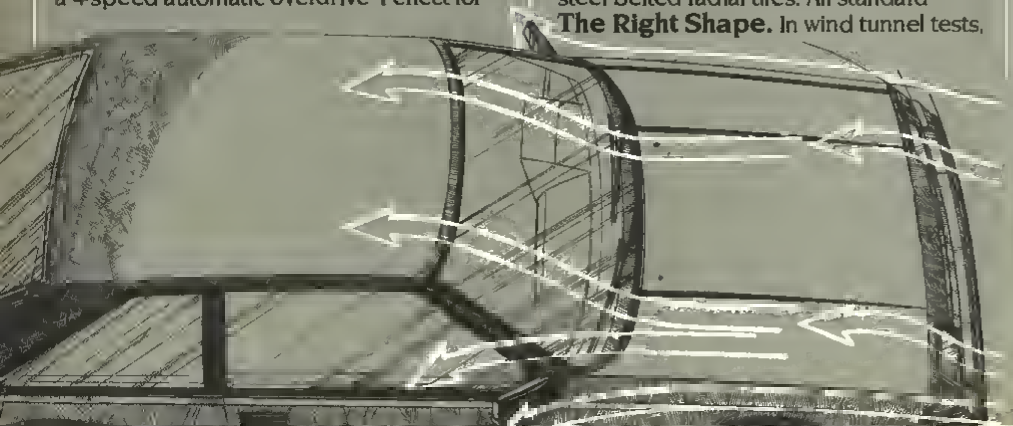
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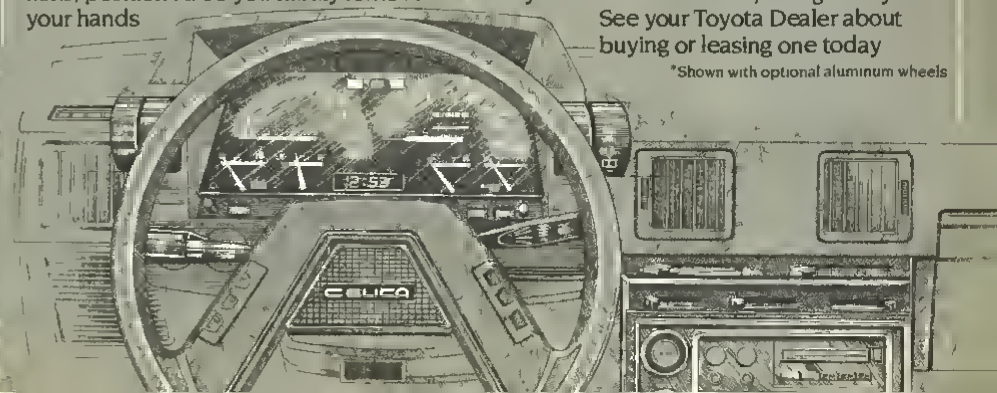
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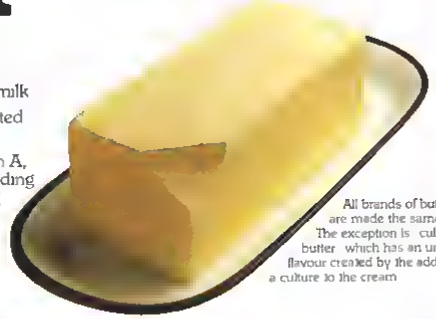
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USA TODAY

Milton, a potential cancer victim, has been banned from his job for 13 years

LABOR

Redefining disabilities

By Parker Donham

Gerry Milton may be disabled, but so far he's feeling fine. The 31-year-old industrial radiographer from Kingston, Ont., has been out of work for 21 months, one of thousands of Canadians rendered unemployable by job-related mishaps. His disability results not from any current physical ailment, but from a regulatory decision that it's too risky for him to continue in his line of work. Milton is now a potential cancer victim after an accident in the Point Lepreau nuclear power plant that exposed him to a massive 64 REMs of radiation. That dose is 13 times the exposure permitted for radiation workers over an entire year. Ostensibly for Milton's health, the Atomic Energy Control Board barred him from radiation-related work for 13 years. Since his subcontractor had no alternative jobs available at the time, Milton was laid off. "It's pretty hard nowadays," he laments, "when you're 31 years old to start off as an apprentice."

Milton's inability to continue in radiation work resulted in a six-month struggle with the New Brunswick Workmen's Compensation Board. The board finally agreed to pay him $216 a week in compensation and to cover some job retraining costs. But when he tried to apply a Sun Life insurance policy that guaranteed to assume his $257-a-month car loan payments if he became disabled, the insurance company balked, claiming he had no visibly permanent impairment. Milton is now suing Sun Life for the money in an action that could redefine "illness" and set a precedent for the growing number of workers in similar states of limbo.

Ironically, this new class of disabled workers was created by the very procedures set up to protect the health of employees in high-risk industries. If a company's medical screening program indicates it's unsafe for a worker to remain in his position, he may find himself safeguarded right out of a job. Worse, he may not qualify for workers' compensation benefits since his injury is difficult to prove. Industries involving hazardous products are now particularly cautious about potential lawsuits by employees. The AECB, for example, strips about 10 workers a year of their atomic radiation worker classification because of accidental overdoses. At the General Motors battery plant in Oshawa, Ont., workers are routinely tested for lead levels in their blood or urine. When the levels rise too high, they're laid off or are moved to a lead-free job. The worker may return when these levels drop, but often he has no

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guarantee of assuming his former job Indeed, in Ontario, female lead workers still capable of bearing children will probably be phased out altogether because of the province's lead content regulations passed in August, 1981

Having proven that the disability exists, the worker then faces potential discrimination in seeking new work. In the case of John Murdoch, a 27-year-old worker at Fibreglas Canada's Toronto plant, his allergy to a factory chemical allowed him a medical discharge But when his symptomatic breathing impairment disappeared after several months off the job, the workmen's compensation board cut off payments Neither Fibreglas Canada nor any similar firm to which he applied would hire him for fear his allergy would erupt again

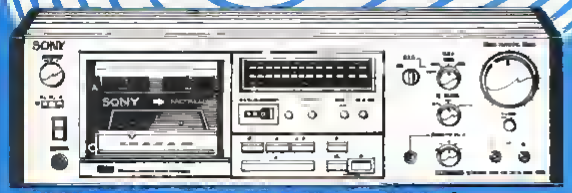
Unions that once pressed for more sophisticated medical monitoring now see the tests as a double-edged sword Too often, charges Colin Lambert, a health and safety officer for the Canadian Union of Public Employees, medical monitoring is used to avoid cleaning up occupational health hazards Critics such as Lambert have a strong ally in Dr Gordon Atherley, president of the Canadian Centre for Occupational Health and Safety in Hamilton Atherley claims some monitoring programs amount to "industrial hygiene through layoff," used "not so much with a view to detecting illness at a preventable stage, but rather with a view to preventing compensation claims" Industry flatly denies the accusations "I don't see any evidence of that in our industry," counters Dr John Chmara, medical director for GM of Canada "If something is affecting people, we move in on it because it's not good for the employee and not good for the industry"

A worker who "fails" a medical test administered by his employer may find he has little protection under the law But according to Terence Ison, former chairman of British Columbia's Workers' Compensation Board, there's a growing trend among compensation boards to recognize such people as disabled Only a few provinces, such as Saskatchewan and Quebec, place the onus on the employers to provide alternative work Quebec's occupational health and safety legislation provides for "protective reassignment" to other duties for any worker whose health is impaired by an industrial contaminant

A growing number of unions, including the UAW, are seeking protection against job displacement in their collective agreements CUPE Local 1000's contract with Ontario Hydro stipulates that a worker exposed to a radiation overdose must be transferred to work in a non-radiation zone with no loss of pay or benefits But Atherley remains skeptical of such remedies "A lot of this testing creeps into legislation and everybody says, oh what an excellent thing Then before you know where you are you have a group of legislatively disabled people wondering what hit them"



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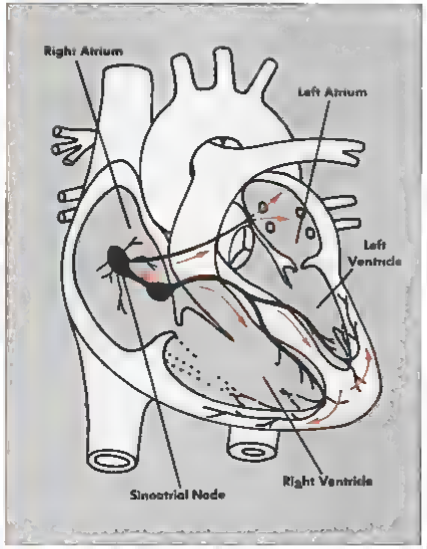
CUTTY SARK

Surgically arresting an electrical catastrophe

A London, Ont., surgeon performs a unique heart operation

For the past two years, a 35-year-old Newfoundland man has lived with the constant fear that his heart might collapse. Most of the time, it raced at 160 beats per minute, twice the normal rate, even though he took drugs to control his wildly pounding heart. Nothing seemed to calm it, not even 18 months in and out of bed and hospital.

Last month, in desperation, his doctor sent him to heart surgeon Gerard Guiraudon at University Hospital in London, Ont. Knowing that this man's chances of survival were slim, Guiraudon decided to perform an extraordinary surgical procedure never before attempted: he temporarily severed one of the four sections of the heart—the right ventricle—leaving the coronary vessels and pulmonary artery intact, and then sewed it back into place.



While the surgery forced the right ventricle out of commission, the resulting scar tissue blocked the aberrant electrical impulses that sent the man's heart into a frenzy. By performing this operation—the world's first—Guiraudon proved that a person can, in effect, live without the pumping action of the right ventricle. Says he: "This patient won't be able to run in an Olympic race, but he'll be able to walk and do most normal activities."

Under healthy conditions, the electricity that regulates the pumping action of the heart originates from the sinoatrial node in the upper right chamber, or atrium, then down into the ventricles. However, the Newfoundlander suffered from a degenerative muscle condition, a little-known disease that Guiraudon has labelled right ventricular dysplasia, which scarred the muscle and short-circuited the right ventricle's electrical system. Taking on a life of its own, the ventricle became a source of maverick electrical impulses, crossing over into and speeding up the left ventricle. Guiraudon could have used a more conservative operation in which he only cuts out the bits of scar tissue that are the source of the abnormality. But in this man's case, the right ventricle was so badly scarred that new impulses could have sprung up from virtually anywhere in the muscle. Undamaged, the left ventricle and two atria now generate enough force to compensate for the man's nonfunctioning right ventricle.

Because this disease has so recently attracted attention, no one can guess at the number of people it afflicts. However, Guiraudon believes the disorder may be quite common. Many young people who ostensibly die of heart attacks, he says, may in fact be expiring as a result of an "electrical catastrophe." While not necessarily an inherited disease, it appears to run in families: three of the Newfoundlander's relatives died prematurely of heart attacks. None of them was older than 36.

—PETER DE VRIES



BY ANN MILLER MACLEAN'S

Findley: 'a war is just a place where we have been in exile from our better dreams'

The writing on the wall is never easy to read

FAMOUS LAST WORDS
by Timothy Findley
(Clarke, Irwin, $16.95)

First novels don't necessarily come at the beginning of a writer's career. After three books, which included *The Wars*, a terse, accomplished piece of writing with an unwavering flame of emotional intensity, Timothy Findley has come around to a postponed first novel, *Famous Last Words*. Here Findley has surrendered to the act of writing, perhaps to see what happens. The result is a flawed and ambitious novel, which makes a dramatic 396-page entrance. It is like a scene in a movie in which the star endlessly descends a curving marble staircase: one admires the effect and waits for something to happen.

Famous Last Words is again about war—not the end of innocence portrayed in Findley's last book, but the patient, conscious evil that evolved in the course of the Second World War. The narrator is a writer, Hugh Mauberley. Like his friend Ezra Pound, another writer who mistook Mussolini for an avant-garde politician, Mauberley drifts into sympathy with the early Fascist movement. The author uses Mauberley as Pound's alter ego, and the archetype of the writer responding to history: a virgin, a traitor, a truth-teller and, above all, a "compulsive witness." As the war spreads, Mauberley watches as "what had been a shared ideal became a single man's god." Exactly how this happens—how tyrants and writers, monarchs and soldiers are swept along until the origins of war and demagoguery are totally obscured—is the mystery around which Findley spins an amazing web of plot.

"A war is just a place where we have been in exile from our better dreams," Mauberley writes. Findley uses his writer in exile to tell the story of two other conspicuous exiles, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. With the aplomb of a Hollywood screenwriter, Findley turns the disappointed duchess, robbed of the English crown, into a sort of spider queen reigning over a Nazi underworld, an international cabal that dreams of snatching not just England but the world. The most surprising mix of diplomats, politicians, barons and businessmen are part of the cabal, which convenes in the villas and grand hotels of Europe, burning massages in wastebaskets, drinking gin and murdering traitors, all in devotion to the cause. Everyone is innocent, and no one can be trusted. The levels of treachery and intrigue suggest a *film noir* written by Homer, didactic and lurid.

As a writer, Mauberley is inevitably seen as someone in possession of the facts—someone to be killed. The two American soldiers assigned to guard his body inherit the writer's story, which is written with a silver pencil on 16 walls of an Austrian hotel. Findley stints not with his mise-en-scène. The entire novel is framed by their quarrel over Mauberley's role in the war: one soldier hates him for his betrayal, the other absolves him as a witness. The two men represent the human impulse to forgive and to blame—anything rather than recognize the same corruptible, war-breeding instincts in ourselves. Through this device, Findley raises a number of questions about the role of a writer, and what it means that "mere human beings can be so afraid of the written word they will kill to be rid of it."

Famous Last Words restages the war as a curious dream, and a smoky nightmare. As in *The Wars*, the story jumps back and forth like a film, cutting from Mauberley's snowy corpse to a drowning fly in the martini glass of the duchess, all is gesture and attenuated tone, with puffs of dust rising from the period furniture and an endless flare of cigarettes. It is all brilliantly researched, damnably clever and too damned long.

Plot also takes precedence over characterization, to a damaging degree. The star, the Greta Garbo of the story, is history itself, supporting roles are played by props and minor characters, in that order. By mid-noval, the accumulation of homburgs, umbrellas and dove-grey gloves is quite lugubrious. An ocean of Madeira and gin is consumed, in tense, thoughtful sips.

Findley may be just following the rules of epic writing, but he does tend to be divided between directing and writing his story. A screenplay can pile up scenes but only a novel offers the opportunity of drawing a reader inside a character's thoughts and feelings. Whenever Findley does this, the staginess stops and the real action begins. As Mauberley knows, "in everything written there is always hope." A writer with this much talent and optimism deserves several books' worth of patience. It's obvious that Findley may really write the Big One, sooner or later.

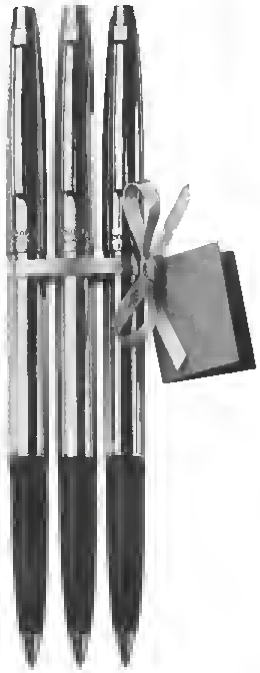
—MARNI JACKSON

Chivalry on the high seas

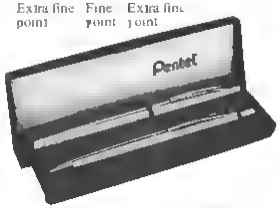
THE DARK BROAD SEA
by Jeffry Brock
(McClelland and Stewart, $19.95)

There was a time, not so very long ago, when this country had a proud navy, its far distant ships plowing the world's oceans. Between 1940 and 1945, the Royal Canadian Navy's 400 warships influenced the balance of Allied sea power by sinking 27 Nazi U-boats and 42 surface ships. One of the volunteers who fought those battles with all the courtesy his trade allowed, was Jeffry Brock, who emerges with *The Dark Broad Sea*, his first vol-

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Canadian corvette on convoy duty, guarding the Atlantic in the Second World War

ume of memoirs, as an important chronicler of our maritime tradition. With a style as terse as a ship captain's commands, his book is a warm yarn about cold waters, and the best writing about the sea since Nicholas Monsarrat.

Brock served almost continuously in blue waters during the Second World War, witnessing action in five theatres. He eventually took command of the 6th Canadian Escort Group, shepherding convoys out of St. John's, Nfld., and led Canada's first naval contribution during the Korean War. But the image that emerges from these pages is less that of a fierce warrior than of a man fighting a losing battle for civility in a world of chaos. One can imagine him at the lieutenant-governor's teas in Victoria, B.C., during the lazy late 1940s as an eligible commander-bachelor, in starched whites with an ironed handkerchief stuffed up his sleeve. While Brock deals with mutiny and hurricanes, Nazi submarines and obdurate, shore-bound bureaucrats, it is the heaving sea that holds his focus. Without sounding any false notes, he captures the ocean's might and the daring of those who venture out from shore. "The harshness, the discomfort, the deprivation of life in the escort groups brought to a whole generation of Canadians a new appreciation of the joys of everyday life ashore: the song of birds, the soft sound of a girl's laughter, the smell of land, the excitement of lights and crowds or the exquisite pleasure of being entirely alone when one wished. No landsman ever yearned for the infinite blessings of the shore with such a fierce intensity as the bone-weary crews of the crowded, salt-caked corvettes at the end of yet another interminable passage of the western ocean."

Twice mentioned in dispatches, awarded the Distinguished Service Order and the Distinguished Service Cross, Brock was the last Canadian flag rank officer to be retired in naval uniform. The only battle he lost was not against the dark broad sea but with shortsighted cabinet ministers and an uncaring public. A victim of politicians, he was ordered to resign by Paul Hellyer in 1965 because of the defence minister's ill-conceived determination to do away with Canada's three services. Brock's cherished navy among them. "Unlike attitudes prevailing in other countries," he notes sadly, "there is no great honor attached to the profession of arms in Canada. In fact, quite the reverse was and still is true."

It's typical of Brock that even while verbally torpedoing the partisan tormentors who destroyed his career, the admiral does so with a touch of chivalry. He accuses them of "a scandalous act in derogation of God's honor and corruption of good manners." Rear Admiral Jeffry Brock believes in God, country and good manners—not necessarily in that order.

—PETER C. NEWMAN



Brock: torpedoed by the politicians

Requiem for a child of violence

TRAPPER
by Thomas York
(Doubleday, $19.95)

Imagine a concert in which the movements of a requiem mass are interspersed with rock songs, Broadway show tunes and country-and-western laments. It might have tremendous power, it might also give you a headache. *Trapper*, Thomas York's fifth novel, is the written equivalent of such a concert, its wild mixture of styles and moods making it an almost schizophrenic book. At its centre is a passionate requiem for Albert Johnson, the "Mad Trapper of Rat River," who inexplicably killed one policeman and wounded two more in the winter of 1932. For six weeks he evaded an RCMP manhunt through some of the roughest terrain in Canada: the Richardson Mountains, where the Northwest Territories meet the Yukon near a frozen ocean. The story is dramatic enough to have spawned a shoal of words: four books and a bad movie, *Death Hunt*, have recently appeared about Johnson.

In spite of this overcrowded field, *Trapper* manages to be both fresh and memorable. York's descriptions of the North, its land and sky and brutal weather, are so powerful that the reader begins to feel that vast, mythical space becoming part of himself, just as it has become a driving force in the character of Thomas York. Although he grew up in Arkansas and now lives near Toronto, his spirit is Arctic. Moreover, the sections of the novel dealing directly with Albert Johnson are written with ferocious skill, the portrait of the trapper has all the inward certainty of autobiography. Both author and fugitive have fled their own past in another country, both are loners, obsessed by the wilderness, both are religious men, searching for release. One often feels that York, a United Church minister, is using language as a means to find God, or to cope with Him.

But *Trapper* is a muddled, impure novel. For reasons of contrast, completeness or personal whim, York devotes long chapters to the RCMP posse and to life in the small town of Aklavik, the nearest settlement of consequence to Johnson's isolated cabin. He also wants to fix the manhunt in its historical context, a time of economic depression when memories of war were strong. Into these 417 pages, then, go such chaotic ingredients as a lecherous bishop, a lying journalist, the rise of Hitler, a sergeant who molests his husky, the death of Baron Manfred von Richthofen, and an Eskimo who has come back from the dead—not to mention fat chunks of Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*. Visionaries rarely make good satirists, and although the jumble of Aklavik serves to emphasize the solitary quest of Albert Johnson, it remains an inert weight pulling down the book. Further-



York: an obsession with the wilderness



more, the treatment of women is patronizing. If not offensive York espouses a tough, aloof serenity which seems, in his mind, to be a male prerogative.

Surprisingly perhaps, this is a tale of triumph. After six weeks on the run, Albert Johnson achieves a kind of burning, starry fulfilment, a spiritual victory not even clouded by the knowledge that his starving body will soon be shot to pieces. The worrying thing, certainly for Thomas York and possibly also for us, is that absolute wholeness seems attainable only for someone beyond society, a child of violence and hatred, an outcast at the end of every conceivable road. —MARK ABLEY



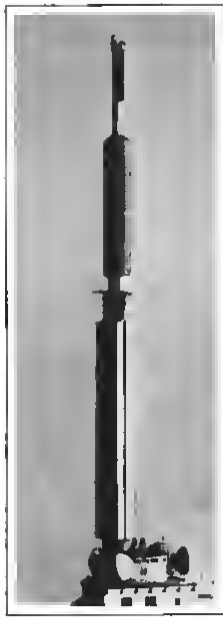
Anderson: the coy armor of fiction

Waiting for the self to shine

ROUGH LAYOUT
by Doris Anderson
(McClelland and Stewart, $14.95)

It's tough being a modern woman. You have your glamorous career (which actually leaves you bone weary every night). You have your co-operative, liberated husband (who only occasionally resents you for being so damned talented). You have your two children (one of whom has emotional problems), your annoyingly efficient housekeeper (whom your husband can't stand) and your great-looking house (with two mortgages hanging over it). In short, you have the image—the glossy magazine layout trumpeting successful wife, mother, career woman—and you have the reality—a confused woman spreading herself too thin and wondering why she does not feel as satisfied as she is supposed to. This being the dilemma of a good many North American women right now, an analysis of what it is *really* like, chronicling those three deadly stages—wanting it all, getting it all and paying for it all—would make a good novel. Unfortunately Doris Anderson, in her second go at fiction, has set the scene, but not quite pulled it off.

Rough Layout is about all of these matters and more, but part of the reason the book does not succeed is the very reason Anderson is able to publish her books in the first place. As the former hard-hitting editor of *Chatelaine* and well-known political figure, Anderson is a media queen. It is not being too cynical to presume she is being published for two reasons, neither of which is the literary merit of her work first, the hint of the roman à clef, second, her reputation as a leading Canadian feminist. In *Rough Layout*, Anderson has tried hard to deliver on both fronts, combining an inside look at the magazine world and the plight of the modern woman. Her heroine, Judith Pemberton, is managing editor of *Young Living—Chatelaine* in a very thin disguise. But her story is sabotaged, not by Anderson's unflinching political views, but by a



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kind of undisciplined romantic writing that is largely the mark of an undeveloped writer. And the office imbroglios and minor journalistic scandals get lost in what is simply boring writing. One 10-page description of a board meeting reads like an interoffice memo. Moreover, when it comes to the career path of her heroine, Anderson has inexplicably used the same plot twist in *Rough Layout* as she did in her first novel, *Two Women*. Judith Pemberton, obviously competent, is held back by a male superior. When it comes time for her to take the job as editor, she is at first overlooked and then given the job on a trial basis without the title. It is no secret that this happened to Anderson in real life at *Chatelaine*, and no secret that she was bitter about it, but this is barely the stuff of one novel, let alone two.

There is a similarity here between Anderson and the late Judy LaMarsh. Both were trailblazers who, by their actions, opened doors for all Canadian women, and both, with more zeal than innate writing talent, turned to fiction as an obvious vehicle. But neither of these proud, intelligent and, one suspects, often lonely women, has let her true self shine through in her fiction. Their stories, stripped of coy fictional armor, are powerful in emotion and insight. LaMarsh revealed at least some of hers in the autobiography of her political years, *Bird in a Gilded Cage*. Perhaps Anderson should find a good libel lawyer and go the same route.

—JUDITH TIMSON

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1 **Noble House,** *Clavell (1)*
2 **Cujo** *King (2)*
3 **The Hotel New Hampshire,** *Irving (5)*
4 **Bodily Harm,** *Atwood (6)*
5 **The Third Deadly Sin,** *Sanders (8)*
6 **God Emperor of Dune,** *Herbert (4)*
7 **Gurky Park** *Smith (7)*
8 **Bread Upon the Waters,** *Shaw (10)*
9 **Goodbye, Janette,** *Robbins (9)*
10 **The Covenant** *Michener (8)*

Nonfiction

1 **The Lord God Made Them All,** *Herriot (1)*
2 **Flames Across the Border,** *Berton (2)*
3 **Invitation to a Royal Wedding,** *Spink (3)*
4 **The Beverly Hills Diet** *Mazel (4)*
5 **The Eagle's Gift,** *Castaneda (5)*
6 **Cosmos** *Sagan (6)*
7 **The Hite Report on Male Sexuality,** *Hite (7)*
8 **Terry Fox: His Story,** *Scrivener (8)*
9 **If You Can't Beat 'Em in the Alley,** *Young*
10 **The Cinderella Complex,** *Dowling (9)*

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Marianne Faithfull
(Island/WEA)

W H Auden, over supper, once inquired of Marianne Faithfull, "When you're smuggling drugs, do you pack them up your ass?" The question suggests the difficulty some people used to have in taking the singer seriously. *Broken English*, a scorching comeback album, changed that. Her voice was as carnal as an unmade bed, the fair damsel sounded as if she had come through slaughter. This follow-up does not match the impact of her last album, but the dance rhythms grow on you, and there is still that pained, racked voice. Faithfull is a ravished child of the '60s still aching for harmony and grace, on *Truth Bitter Truth* she airs the bruised ideals of a generation. As sad as it is, it is also encouraging that she still thinks of matters of tenderness and truth.

WALK UNDER LADDERS
Joan Armatrading
(A&M)

Usually so serious-minded, Joan Armatrading is perhaps the last person you would expect to find at the hop. But *At the Hop* she is, and that song, as well as another fast mover, *Eating the Bear* (done in a techno-disco style), are but some of the signs of a punched-up revitalization. Those who have found her reliability dull should be especially glad for the dashing saxophone and lyrics of *No Love* ("But if you've got no love/To give/Baby don't give it here") and the hard, clear edge of her vocals on ballads such as *The Weakness in Me* and *Only One*. Those who are already fans might even regard this album as perfect.

—DAVID LIVINGSTONE

THEATRE

Swords crossed on the Prairies

By Mark Czarnecki

"Is the essence of being Canadian finding joy in second-rate drama?" This provocative question, posed only half rhetorically by Richard Plant of the Queen's University drama department, articulated a ground swell of concern over standards and quality at the Canadian Theatre Today conference earlier this month. Co-hosted by University of Saskatchewan drama Professor Tom Kerr and English Professor R. L. Calder at the Saskatoon campus, the ambitious five-day event attracted some 500 theatre academicians and practitioners, who read papers and crossed swords in numerous panel discussions on subjects ranging from "Beyond the banality of surface: Herman Voaden's Canadian expressionism" to "Cultural protectionism: a mandate for mediocrity?" Also featured were kiwi fruit for breakfast, full-scale productions of five new Western Canadian plays and the noisiest midnight cabaret on the Prairies. Billed as a mammoth stocktaking of Canadian theatre, the conference predictably offered few ready solutions and often had difficulty formulating questions—in other words, it accurately reflected the state of Canadian theatre today.

The angry response to Plant's query demonstrated the theatre community's considerable pride in its achievements so far. The loudly hailed renaissance of Canadian theatre in the early '70s was masterminded by a generation of professionals described by playwright and producer John Gray as "a watermelon passing through a snake—as we go along, we redefine everything." Now, having put Canada on the world theatre map, for better or worse, with shows such as *1837: The Farmers' Revolt*, *Billy Bishop Goes to War*, *Ten Lost Years* and *Waiting for the Parade*, a more detailed analysis of the country's successes and failures is in order—and sometimes the questions hurt. Many delegates expressed dissatisfaction with the standards imposed—or not imposed—within the theatre. Said actress Janet Wright, "We refuse to criticize ourselves. The Canada Council funds masses of theatres, but they never say, 'We're not going to fund you because you're doing crap.'" Not that the council is unaware of the issue; during the same discussion, theatre officer Walter Learning agreed that "we're still not ready in this country to really examine the quality of our work."





Scene from 'Black Powder' (left); Morris, Kerr: reflection of theatre today

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRENT HUME

The opening-night production of Betty Lambert's *Jennie's Story* seemed tailor-made for the debate. A jumbled melodrama about a feeble-minded, passionate Alberta farm girl seduced by a priest, it displayed not only skilful dialogue and characterizations but provided moments of awesome theatricality and a gutsy performance by Sherry Bie in the title role. Clearly, lack of talent was not at issue, but the ponderous production only highlighted the need for a thorough rewrite of the second act.

Here was yet another example of a deeply rooted malaise in Canadian theatre: the premature presentation of a potentially worthwhile play paralyses its natural evolution and discourages the playwright from reworking. Who is to blame? The playwright? The dramaturge (if one exists)? The director? The producer? Ironically, the company responsible for *Jennie's Story* was Vancouver's New Play Centre (NPC), the country's premier workshop for original Canadian plays. During a panel discussion the next day, David Robinson of Talonbooks, a leading publisher of Canadian drama, bluntly suggested to NPC artistic director Pam Hawthorn that the centre "coddles playwrights too much. The output of good plays is not proportional to the effort put into them." The implication was that the criticism held true for the country as a whole.

Jennie's Story should not have been represented as a finished work, and the conference itself was partially to blame for raising expectations by heralding the five new works as premieres. Not only that, with vast resources of professional experience present, why was time not set aside each day to discuss the plays informally? Feelings ran strong among theatre practitioners that too much time was devoted to academic papers and not enough to the hands-on practice and appraisal of living theatre.

Rex Deverell's *Black Powder: Estevan, 1931* from Regina's Globe Theatre demonstrated that communication could break down between established theatres and their audiences as well. Deverell, the Globe's writer-in-residence since 1975, and artistic director Ken Kramer take pride in filling their theatre to capacity by presenting top-quality Canadian plays, often with a strong populist slant as in their highly successful *Medicare!* The failure of *Black Powder*, a stereotyped agitprop piece about the RCMP suppression of the Estevan coal miners' strike, was a complete surprise. Playwright Erika Ritter reminded Kramer that he had refused

to do her popular *Automatic Pilot* on the grounds that his audience wouldn't like it. Her rhetorical "How do you know?" and the debacle of *Black Powder* lent support to Ritter's suggestion that theatres with paternalistic attitudes toward their audience ran the risk of determining rather than responding to their needs.

Brian Swarbrick's *Night Talk*, a confusing docudrama about alcoholism redeemed by fine acting from Eric House and Eric Schneider and co-presented by the university's Greystone Theatre and Saskatoon's Persephone Theatre, as well as the trashy but amusing sitcom *A Very Modest Orgy* by Patricia Joudry from Saskatoon's 25th Street Theatre, were the least innovative among a very conservative selection of plays. The absence of any stimulating experimental theatre—25th Street's "off conference" fringe presentations only partially excepted—typified the withering of avant-garde theatre in the past five years, a barren era compared to the heydays of Toronto's Theatre Passe Muraille, Free Theatre and Factory Lab. Passe Muraille's artistic director, Paul Thompson, felt that "the really frightening thing in theatre today is the reluctance to do new and experimental work. People keep looking at entertainment in terms of proven value." Des MacAnuff, a Canadian director now working in New York, pointed to similar trends in that city. "Off-Off Broadway died because it began to use box-office as a measure of success. A lot of room for failure is absolutely vital to develop your craft."

At the root of the problem, claimed John Gray, were the regional theatres and their entrenched artistic directors, who deny talented younger directors access to space and resources. "They're all white elephants and should be blown up," opined Gray. "Either that or be used just as transfer houses for successful plays from smaller theatres." MacAnuff indicated that lack of opportunity was one of the reasons he left Canada. "Here, a free-lance director is only offered a Shakespeare play in the larger theatres once he's lost the energy and excitement to do it." Significantly, only one head of a major regional theatre agreed to appear at the conference and that was Joe Shoctor of Edmonton's Citadel, the Broadway-oriented theatre nationalists love to hate, in the end Shoctor cancelled due to ill health. Where were the others? According to conference co-ordinator Lynn Morris, one eastern artistic director "just laughed when he heard the conference was at a university in Saskatoon."

Angry young directors used to have the option of starting their own companies but grant cutbacks and soaring real estate prices have sharply curtailed these possibilities. Also, as actress Susan Cox pointed out, "There are limits to experimenting in tights and tops—we've been through all that. Now I've something to say and, yes, it'll be more expensive to produce, but we're still proverty-stricken."



JoAnn McIntyre, Graham McPherson in 'A Very Modest Orgy' : least innovative

RON MARSH

How readily "yesterday's weirdness becomes today's mainstream," in Gray's parlance, was demonstrated in *Rig*, a collaborative work by Geoffrey Le Boutillier with Edmonton's Theatre Network. Squarely in the documentary collective tradition that produced classics like *The Farm Show* and *Paper Wheat*, *Rig* was unexpectedly the conference's most polished presentation with powerful performances by Dennis Robinson and Wendell Smith, but this tale of life on an oil derrick lacked depth and imagination. The threats to innovative work are therefore obviously psychological as well as economic. As Ritter put it: "Being 35 isn't the biggest tragedy in life, but being complacent is. We need to bring up a new generation of people who are going to topple us."

Canadian Theatre Today may have been inconclusive but it broke even on a combined grants and revenue budget of $160,000, a hopeful sign which Morris suggests might point to a repeat performance next year. Prospects for publishing the conference proceedings are also good. "This is one of the few chances to hear a full spectrum of theatre practitioners and academics express their opinions," says Morris. "There's a need for this kind of forum and I don't think the ball should be dropped." The last word rightfully belonged to John (*Rock 'n Roll*) Gray, whose enthusiasm raised many discussions from the rarefied sublime to the pragmatically ridiculous. His hope for the future: "I don't care if I bomb—I just want to get rich." ◇

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COLUMN

Wistfully in the wings



The three leading candidates to be the next PM await their call

By Allan Fotheringham

There's a reason for the current miasma enveloping Canadian politics, a layer of gauze covering all the players, the policies and the perceptions. The public has put all the actors in a holding pattern, a freeze frame out of a French movie, all opaque and fuzzy, as if seen through a lens coated with Vaseline. Mr. Trudeau, the tantalizing tease, keeps telling us he still plans to retire sometime soon—if only we will unburden him of the cares of the public fascination/dislike of the world's most famous single parent. Joe Clark, who is dead but won't fall down, walks through a make-believe Conservative life, Alice in Blunderland, pretending not to see all the tiny boy scout knives peeking out from the Tory curtain. The reality, as shown once again in the *Maclean's*-Global poll, is that, even among the semi-loyal who "affirmed" him at last February's party bun toss, the desire for a leadership review is rising. There's a pause in our political scene, both leaders perceived as being temporary players.



ROY PETERSON

The unnatural quality of current mood—the reason for the low regard for all politicians at the moment—is because the three men who have the best chance of being the next prime minister of Canada are all outside active politics. It's a goofy scene for this country with a parliamentary tradition the chaps who want to take it over won't touch it with a barge pole—for the moment. John Turner, Don Macdonald and Brian Mulroney—all for certain personal reasons but linked by a common philosophy—stand aloof from the political process, waiting for the minute to dash in and start at the top. There's nothing unnatural about that in other spheres. The Americans, with a different political structure, love to pluck from the sidelines some gormless general or industrialist with a wide grin who is supposedly unsullied by the vulgar political stain. In Canada, we're in a unique hold: the guys most likely to run us lurking in the bushes instead of the benches.

John Turner, the Duke of Windsor of our public life, sits on his own personal Elba, the corner banquette in Winston's restaurant on Adelaide Street in Toronto, where the pinstripes are as thick as the soup, awaiting the call. The call means the day Pierre Elliott Reincarnation retires once again—if at all. The two men are as chalk and cheese, Trudeau, suspecting that Turner is secretly a Tory born into the Liberal party (true), is determined to do anything to keep the party from falling into the hands of the man he drove out of the cabinet in one tempestuous office scene when the prime minister insulted the second most powerful man in the party by offering him a judgeship or a spot in the Senate. Tough Chick Turner, his staff recalls, came back to his office shaken and close to tears, a proud man who went to see his PM to discuss what he felt was a commitment to get out of the damaging finance post and emerged—to his own surprise—having resigned his portfolio, his party and spot as heir apparent. John Turner waits, his wife still leery about going back to the rigors and relentless press spotlight of the Ottawa zoo, for the beacons on the napkinned beaches of Elba.

Don Macdonald waits, somewhat more bemusedly, Bay Street directorships like those of Turner hanging like wartime decorations on his expensive threads. As hardworking and direct as he is bald, Macdonald made his leadership intentions clear during the last reincarnation while Turner tested the waters, agonized and then withdrew formally, as does any politician waiting for a spontaneous draft. The impression remains that Turner wants it on a platter (an arrogant assumption that could very likely be fulfilled given the Western Canadian lust for the Liberal silver fox), whereas Macdonald is prepared to fight for it.

One is restrained from contemplating the metaphysical aspects of the allegedly reformist Grits—Waiting for Trudeau—picking the successor from two Bay Street lawyers/corporate directors only because of the equally ludicrous position of the Tories. There sits in Montreal the giant-jawed Brian Mulroney, the steadily creeping threat (as the *Maclean's* poll showed) to the nervous Clark. Here is a man, as charming as he is deep-announcer-voiced, who has never run for any elective office in his life outside university days—never dogcatcher, alderman, parish politician or whatever—save that of Tory leader. Still, such is the collecting Tory wisdom that the party will never regain power without a guerrilla raid on Quebec, that Mulroney—who wants the job as much as Turner—is still the major threat to Clark. He has a firm grip on the sweetmeats of the party in Quebec, to the constant frustration of statuesque Peter Blaikie, the party national president who knows that only one bilingual anglophone can emerge from Quebec, and if it is Mulroney it spells the end for Blaikie.

So we have this bifurcated Canada—every strong man in the cabinet from Quebec, from Trudeau to Chrétien to Lalonde to the strong-portfolio Pepin. The only Anglo with any potential, Allan MacEachen, mentally meanders within his own Cape Breton cocoon, unloved by the party regulars, with no delegate support whatsoever in an open convention fight. The men who want to run Canada, and have the best chance of doing so, are not soiling their fingertips with public life at the moment. That says something about those who are.

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for Southam News.





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